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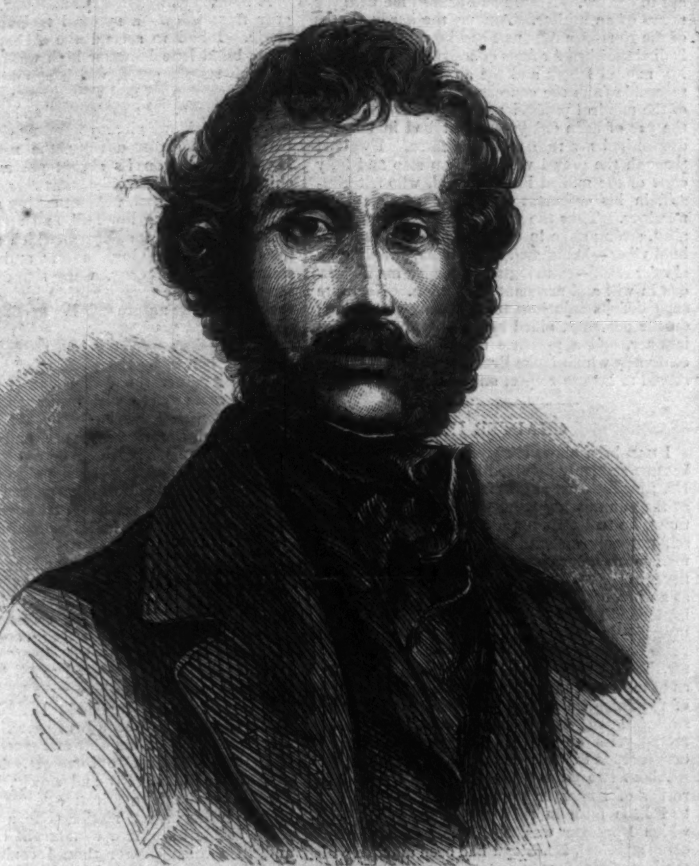

Edw^d Bulwer Lytton

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

On the occasion of the commencement of Sir E. B. Lytton's new tale "A Strange Story," we publish herewith a portrait of the famous novelist. He was born about 1806, in Herefordshire, England; his father was General Bulwer, a distinguished officer, who left a fortune to his son. Young Bulwer's first published work was a volume of verse, which fell dead. In 1827 he published his first novel, "Falkland," which had but slender success. But next year "Pelham" appeared, and at once established the rank of its author. The "Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," followed in rapid succession, and were all popular. We can not enumerate the long list of novels which this fertile author gave to the world between 1830 and 1845; all are still read, though they are far from comparing with the master-pieces which succeeded them. In 1845 Bulwer struck a new vein in the "Caxtons." This admirable work was open to none of the criticisms which had assailed its predecessors; it went home to the heart of every man, woman, and child, and endeared its author to the Christian world. It was followed in the same vein by "My Novel" and "What will he do with it?" the latter of which was introduced to the American public in the pages of this journal.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is not only a novelist of the first rank; he has achieved remarkable success as a dramatist and as a politician. He held office under Lord Derby, and is one of the most distinguished orators in Parliament. His career shows that even wealth and high birth do not always stifle genius.

We subjoin the following extracts:

> Who is there uniting in one person the imagination, the passion, the humor, the energy, the knowledge of the heart, the artist-like eye, the originality, the fancy, and the learning of Edward Lytton Bulwer? In a vivid wit—in profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought—in style—in a calm certainty and definitiveness of purpose—in industry—and, above all, in the power of controlling and regulating by volition his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequaled—he is unapproached.—Edgar A. Poe.

> To Bulwer, the author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," we assign the highest place among modern writers of fiction. There is always power in the creations of his fancy; he is always polished, witty, learned. Since the days of Scott were ended, there is, in our apprehension, no pinnacle so high as that on which we hang our wreath to Bulwer: like the Roman emperor, a prince among his equals, the first of his craft.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

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A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

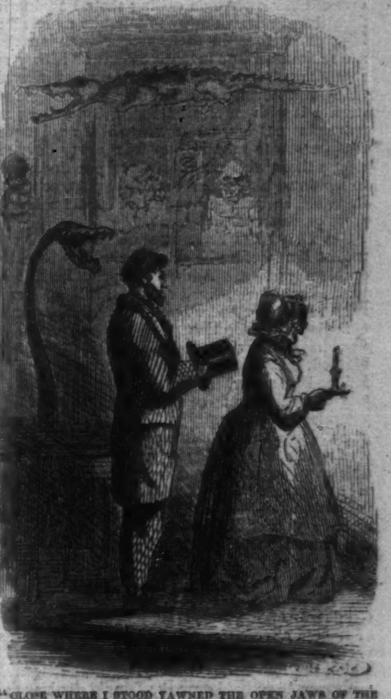
☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.

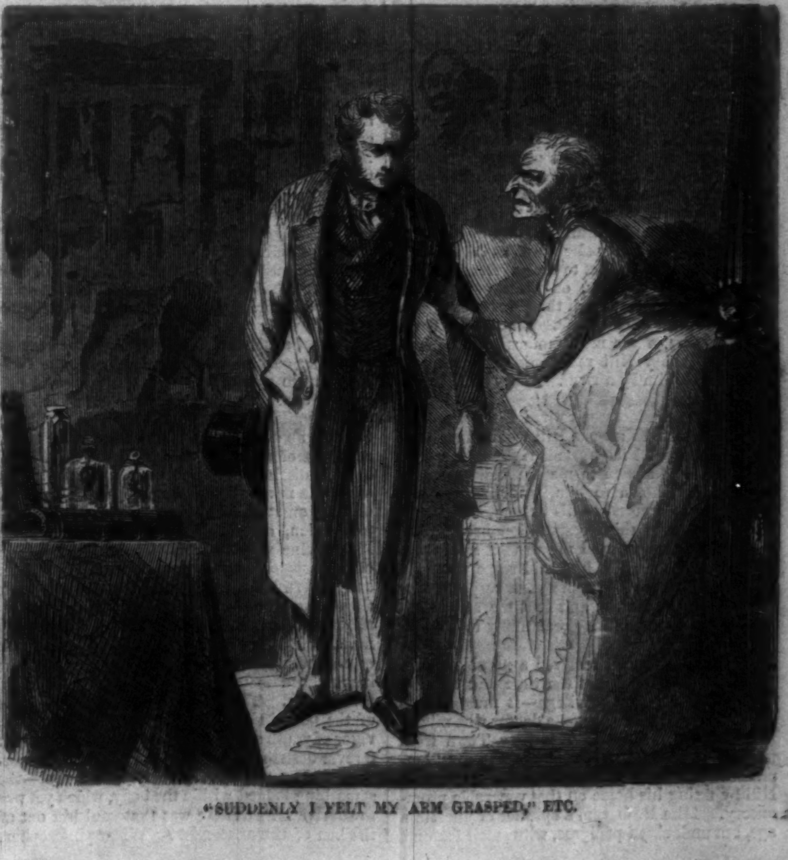
In the year 18— I settled as a physician at one of the wealthiest of our great English towns, which I will designate by the initial L——. I was yet young, but I had acquired some reputation by a professional work which is, I believe, still among the received authorities on the subject of which it treats. I had studied at Edinburgh and at Paris, and had borne away from both those illustrious schools of medicine whatever guarantees for future distinction the praise of professors may concede to the ambition of students. On becoming a member of the College of Physicians, I made a tour of the principal cities of Europe, taking letters of introduction to eminent medical men; and, gathering from many theories and modes of treatment hints to enlarge the foundations of unprejudiced and comprehensive practice, I had resolved to fix my ultimate residence in London. But before this preparatory tour was completed my resolve was changed by one of those unexpected events which determine the fate man in vain would work out for himself. In passing through the Tyrol, on my way into the north of Italy, I found in a small inn, remote from medical attendance, an English traveler—seized with acute inflammation of the lungs, and in a state of imminent danger. I devoted myself to him night and day, and, perhaps more through careful nursing than active remedies, I had the happiness to effect his complete recovery. The traveler proved to be Julius Faber, a physician of great distinction—contented to remain, where he was born, in the provincial city of L——, but whose reputation as a profound and original pathologist was widely spread, and whose writings had formed no unimportant part of my special studies. It was during a short holiday excursion, from which he was about to return with renovated vigor, that he had been thus stricken down. The patient so accidentally met with became the founder of my professional fortunes. He conceived a warm attachment for me; perhaps the more affectionate because he was a childless bachelor, and not one of the nephews who would succeed to his wealth evinced any desire to succeed to the toils by which the wealth had been acquired. Thus, having heirs for the one, he had long looked about for an heir to the other, and now resolved on finding that heir in me. So when we parted Dr. Faber made me promise to correspond with him regularly, and it was not long before he disclosed by letter the plans he had formed in my favor. He said that he was growing old; his practice was beyond his strength; he needed a partner; he was not disposed to put up to sale the health of patients whom he had learned to regard as his children. Money was no object to him; but it was an object close at his heart that the humanity he had served and the reputation he had gained should suffer no loss in his choice of a successor. In fine, he proposed that I should at once come to L—— as his partner, with the view of succeeding to his entire practice at the end of two years, when it was his intention to retire.

The opening into fortune thus afforded to me was one that rarely presents itself to a young man entering upon an overcrowded profession. And to an aspirant less allured by the desire of fortune than the hope of distinction, the fame of the physician who thus generously offered to me the inestimable benefits of his long experience, and his cordial introduction, was in itself an assurance that a metropolitan practice is no *sine quâ non* to the sure if slow building up of a national renown.

I went, then, to L——, and before the two years of my partnership had expired, my success justified my kind friend's selection, and far more than realized my own expectations. I was fortunate in effecting some notable cures in the earliest cases submitted to me, and it is every thing in the career of a physician when good luck wins betimes for him that confidence which patients rarely accord except to lengthened experience. To the rapid facility with which my way was made, some circumstances apart from professional skill probably combined. I was saved from the suspicion of a medical adventurer by the accidents of birth and fortune. I belonged to an ancient family (a branch of the once powerful border clan of the Fenwicks), that had for many generations held a fair estate in the neighborhood of Windermere. As an only son I had succeeded to that estate on attaining my majority, and had sold it to pay off the debts which had been made by my father, who had the costly tastes of an antiquarian and collector. The residue on the sale insured me a modest independence apart from the profits of a profession, and as I had not been legally bound to defray my father's debts, so I obtained that character for disinterestedness and integrity which always in England tends to propitiate the public to the successes achieved by industry or talent. Perhaps, too, any professional ability I might possess was the more readily conceded, because I had cultivated with assiduity the sciences and the scholar-



"CLOSE WHERE I STOOD YAWNED THE OPEN JAWS OF THE FELL ANACONDA," ETC.



"SUDDENLY I FELT MY ARM GRASPED," ETC.

ship which are collaterally connected with the study of medicine. Thus, in a word, I established a social position which came in aid of my professional repute, and silenced much of that envy which usually imbitters and sometimes impedes success.

Dr. Faber retired at the end of the two years agreed upon. He went abroad, and being, though advanced in years, of a frame still robust, and habits of mind still inquiring and eager, he commenced a lengthened course of foreign travel, during which our correspondence, at first frequent, gradually languished, and finally died away.

I succeeded at once to the larger part of the practice which the labors of half a century had secured to my predecessor. My chief rival was a Dr. Lloyd, a benevolent, fervid man, not without genius—if genius be present where judgment is absent; not without science, if that may be science which fails in precision. One of those clever desultory men who, in adopting a profession, do not give up to it the whole force and heat of their minds. Men of that kind habitually accept a mechanical routine, because in the exercise of their ostensible calling their imaginative faculties are drawn away to pursuits more alluring. Therefore, in their proper vocation they are seldom bold or inventive—out of it they are sometimes both to excess. And when they do take up a novelty in their own profession they cherish it with an obstinate tenacity, and an extravagant passion, unknown to those quiet philosophers who take up novelties every day, examine them with the sobriety of practiced eyes, to lay down altogether, modify in part, or accept in whole, according as inductive experiment supports or destroys conjecture.

Dr. Lloyd had been esteemed a learned naturalist long before he was admitted to be a tolerable physician. Amidst the privations of his youth he had contrived to form, and with each succeeding year he had perseveringly increased, a zoological collection of creatures, not alive, but, happily for the beholder, stuffed or embalmed. From what I have said it will be truly inferred that Dr. Lloyd's earlier career as a physician had not been brilliant; but of late years he had gradually rather *aged* than worked himself into that professional authority and station which time confers on a thoroughly respectable man, whom no one is disposed to envy and all are disposed to like.

Now in L—— there were two distinct social circles: that of the wealthy merchants and traders, and that of a few privileged families inhabiting a part of the town aloof from the marts of commerce, and called the Abbey Hill. These superb Areopagites exercised over the wives and daughters of the inferior citizens to whom all of L——, except the Abbey Hill, owed its prosperity, the same kind of mysterious influence which the fine ladies of Mayfair and Belgravia are reported to hold over the female denizens of Bloomsbury and Marylebone.

Abbey Hill was not opulent, but it was powerful by a concentration of its resources in all matters of patronage. Abbey Hill had its own milliner, and its own draper, its own confectioner, butcher, baker, and tea-dealer, and the patronage of Abbey Hill was like the patronage of royalty—less lucrative in itself than as a solemn certificate of general merit. The shops on which Abbey Hill conferred its custom were certainly not the cheapest, possibly not the best. But they were undeniably the most imposing. The proprietors were decorously pompous—the shopmen superciliously polite. They could not be more so if they had belonged to the State, and been paid by a public which they benefited and despised. The ladies of Low Town (as the city subjacent to the Hill had been styled from a date remote in the feudal ages) entered those shops with a certain awe, and left them with a certain pride. There they had learned what the Hill approved. There they had bought what the Hill had purchased. It is much in this life to be quite sure that we are in the right, whatever that conviction may cost us. Abbey Hill had been in the habit of appointing, among other objects of patronage, its own physician. But that habit had fallen into disuse during the latter years of my predecessor's practice. His superiority over all other medical men in the town had become so incontestible that, though he was emphatically the doctor of Low Town, the head of its hospitals and infirmaries, and by birth related to its principal traders, still as Abbey Hill was occasionally subject to the physical infirmities of meaner mortals, on those occasions it deemed it best not to push the point of honor to the wanton sacrifice of life. Since Low Town possessed one of the most famous physicians in England, Abbey Hill magnanimously resolved not to crush him by a rival. Abbey Hill let him feel its pulse.

When my predecessor retired I had presumptuously expected that the Hill would have continued to suspend its normal right to a special physician, and shown to me the same generous favor it had shown to him, who had declared me worthy to succeed to his honors. I had the more excuse for this presumption because the Hill had already allowed me to visit a fair proportion of its invalids, had said some very gracious things to me about the great respectability of the Fenwick family, and sent me some invitations to dinner, and a great many invitations to tea.

But my self-conceit received a notable check. Abbey Hill declared that the time had come to reassert its dormant privilege—it must have a doctor of its own choosing—a doctor who might, indeed, be permitted to visit Low Town from motives of humanity or gain, but who must emphatically assert his special allegiance to Abbey Hill by fixing his home on that venerable promontory. Miss Brabazon, a spinster of uncertain age, but undoubted pedigree, with small fortune, but high nose, which she would pleasantly observe was a proof of her descent from Humphrey Duke of Gloucester (with whom, indeed, I have no doubt, in spite of chronology, that she very often dined), was commissioned to inquire of me diplomatically, and without committing Abbey Hill too much by the overture, whether I would take a large and antiquated mansion, in which abbots were said to have lived many centuries ago, and which was still popularly styled Abbots' House, situated on the verge of the Hill, as in that case the "Hill" would think of me.

"It is a large house for a single man, I allow," said Miss Brabazon, candidly; and then added, with a sidelong glance of alarming sweetness, "but when Dr. Fenwick has taken his true position (so old a family!) among Us, he need not long remain single unless he prefer it."

I replied, with more asperity than the occasion called for, that I had no thought of changing my residence at present. And if the Hill wanted me, the Hill must send for me.

Two days afterward Dr. Lloyd took Abbots' House, and in less than a week was proclaimed medical adviser to the Hill. The election had been decided by the fiat of a great lady, who reigned supreme on the sacred eminence, under the name and title of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

"Dr. Fenwick," said this lady, "is a clever young man and a gentleman, but he gives himself airs—the Hill does not allow any airs but its own. Besides, he is a new-comer: resistance to new-comers, and, indeed, to all things new, except caps and novels, is one of the bonds that keep old established societies together. Accordingly, it is by my advice that Dr. Lloyd has taken Abbots' House; the rent would be too high for his means if the Hill did not feel bound in honor to justify the trust he has placed in its patronage. I told him that all my friends, when they had any thing the matter with them, would send for him; those who are my friends will do so. What the Hill does, plenty of common people down *there* will do also—so that question is settled!" And it was settled.

Dr. Lloyd, thus taken by the hand, soon extended the range of his visits beyond the Hill, which was not precisely a mountain of gold to doctors, and shared with myself, though in a comparatively small degree, the much more lucrative practice of Low Town.

I had no cause to grudge his success, nor did I. But to my theories of medicine his diagnosis was shallow, and his prescriptions obsolete. When we were summoned to a joint consultation our views as to the proper course of treatment seldom agreed. Doubtless he thought I ought to have deferred to his seniority in years, but I held the doctrine which youth deems a truth and age a paradox, namely, that in science the young men are the practical elders, inasmuch as they are schooled in the latest experiences science has gathered up, while their seniors are cramped by the dogmas they were schooled to believe when the world was some decades the younger.

Meanwhile my reputation continued rapidly to advance; it became more than local; my advice was sought even by patients from the metropolis. That ambition which, conceived in early youth, had decided my career and sweetened all its labors—the ambition to take a rank and leave a name as one of the great pathologists to whom humanity accords a grateful, if calm, renown—saw before it a level field and a certain goal.

I know not whether a success far beyond that usually attained at the age I had reached served to increase, but it seemed to myself to justify the main characteristic of my moral organization—intellectual pride.

Though mild and gentle to the sufferers under my care, as a necessary element of professional duty, I was intolerant of contradiction from those who belonged to my calling, or even from those who, in general opinion, opposed my favorite theories.

I had espoused a school of medical philosophy severely rigid in its inductive logic. My creed was that of stern materialism. I had a contempt for the understanding of men who accepted with credulity what they could not explain by reason. My favorite phrase was "common sense." At the same time I had no prejudice against bold discovery, and discovery necessitates conjecture; but I dismissed as idle all conjecture that could not be brought to a practical test.

As in medicine I had been the pupil of Broussais, so in metaphysics I was the disciple of Condillac. I believed with that philosopher that "all our knowledge we owe to Nature; that in the beginning we can only instruct ourselves through her lessons, and that the whole art of reasoning consists in continuing as she has compelled us to commence." Keeping natural philosophy apart from the doctrines of revelation, I never assailed the last, but I contended that by the first no accurate reasoner could arrive at the existence of the soul as a third principle of being equally distinct from mind and body. That by a miracle man might live again, was a question of faith and not of understanding. I left faith to religion, and banished it from philosophy. How define with a precision to satisfy the logic of philosophy what was to live again? The body? We know that the body rests in its grave till by the process of decomposition its elemental parts enter into other forms of matter. The mind? But the mind was as clearly the result of the bodily organization as the music of the harpsichord is the result of the instrumental mechanism. The mind shared the decrepitude of the body in extreme old age, and in the full vigor of youth a sudden injury to the brain might forever destroy the intellect of a Plato or a Shakspeare. But the third principle—the soul—the something lodged within the body, which yet was to survive it? Where was that soul hid out of the ken of the anatomist? When philosophers attempted to define it, were they not compelled to confound its nature and its actions with those of the mind? Could they reduce it to the mere moral sense, varying according to education, circumstances, and physical constitution? But even the moral sense in the most virtuous of men may be swept away by a fever. Such at the time I now speak of were the views I held. Views certainly not original nor pleasing; but I cherished them with as fond a tenacity as if they had been consolatory truths of which I was the first discoverer. I was intolerant to those who maintained opposite doctrines—despised them as irrational, or disliked them as insincere. Certainly if I had fulfilled the career which my ambition predicted—become the founder of a new school in pathology, and summed up my theories in academical lectures, I should have added another authority, however feeble, to the sects which circumscribe the interests of man to the life that has its close in his grave.

Possibly that which I have called my intellectual pride was more nourished than I should have been willing to grant by that self-reliance which an unusual degree of physical power is apt to bestow. Nature had blessed me with the thews of an athlete. Among the hardy youths of the Northern Athens I had been pre-eminently distinguished for feats of activity and strength. My mental labors and the anxiety which is inseparable from the conscientious responsibilities of the medical profession, kept my health below the par of keen enjoyment, but had in no way diminished my rare muscular force. I walked through the crowd with the firm step and lofty crest of the mailed knight of old, who felt himself, in his casement of iron, a match against numbers. Thus the sense of a robust individuality, strong alike in disciplined reason and animal vigor—habituated to aid others, needing no aid for itself—contributed to render me imperious in will and arrogant in opinion. Nor were such defects injurious to me in my profession; on the contrary, aided as they were by a calm manner, and a presence not without that kind of dignity which is the livery of self-esteem, they served to impose respect and to inspire trust.

CHAPTER II.

I had been about six years at L——, when I became suddenly involved in a controversy with Dr. Lloyd. Just as this ill-fated man appeared at the culminating point of his professional fortunes, he had the imprudence to proclaim himself not only an enthusiastic advocate of mesmerism, as a curative process, but an ardent believer of the reality of somnambular clairvoyance as an invaluable gift of certain privileged organizations. To these doctrines I sternly opposed myself—the more sternly, perhaps, because on these doctrines Dr. Lloyd founded an argument for the existence of soul, independent of mind, as of matter, and built thereon a superstructure of physiological phantasies, which, could it be substantiated, would replace every system of metaphysics on which recognized philosophy condescends to dispute.

About two years before he became a disciple rather of Puysegur than Mesmer (for Mesmer had little faith in that gift of clairvoyance of which Puysegur was, I believe, the first audacious assertor), Dr. Lloyd had been afflicted with the loss of a wife many years younger than himself, and to whom he had been tenderly attached. And this bereavement, in directing the hopes that consoled him to a world beyond the grave, had served perhaps to render him more credulous of the phenomena in which he greeted additional proofs of purely spiritual existence. Certainly, if, in controverting the notions of another physiologist, I had restricted myself to that fair antagonism which belongs to scientific disputants anxious only for the truth, I should need no apology for sincere conviction and honest argument; but when, with condescending good-nature, as if to a man much younger than himself, who was ignorant of the phenomena which he nevertheless denied, Dr. Lloyd invited me to attend his *séances* and witness his cures, my *amour propre* became roused and nettled, and it seemed to me necessary to put down what I asserted to be too gross an outrage on common sense to justify the ceremony of examination. I wrote, therefore, a small pamphlet on the subject, in which I exhausted all the weapons that irony can lend to contempt. Dr. Lloyd replied, and as he was no very skillful arguer, his reply injured him perhaps more than my assault. Meanwhile, I had made some inquiries as to the moral character of his favorite clairvoyants. I imagined that I had learned enough to justify me in treating them as flagrant cheats, and himself as their egregious dupe.

Low Town soon ranged itself, with very few exceptions, on my side. The Hill at first seemed disposed to rally round its insulted physician, and to make the dispute a party question, in which the Hill would have been signally worsted, when suddenly the same lady paramount, who had secured to Dr. Lloyd the smile of the Eminence, spoke forth against him, and the Eminence frowned.

"Dr. Lloyd," said the Queen of the Hill, "is an amiable creature, but on this subject decidedly cracked. Cracked poets may be all the better for being cracked; cracked doctors are dangerous. Besides, in deserting that old-fashioned routine, his adherence to which made his claim to the Hill's approbation; and unsettling the mind of the Hill with wild revolutionary theories, Dr. Lloyd has betrayed the principles on which the Hill itself rests its social foundations. Of those principles Dr. Fenwick has made himself champion; and the Hill is bound to support him. There, the question is settled!"

And it was settled.

From the moment Mrs. Colonel Poyntz thus issued the word of command, Dr. Lloyd was demolished. His practice was gone, as well as his repute. Mortification or anger brought on a stroke of paralysis, which, disabling my opponent, put an end to our controversy. An obscure Dr. Jones, who had been the special pupil and protégé of Dr. Lloyd, offered himself as a candidate for the Hill's tongues and pulses. The Hill gave him little encouragement. It once more suspended its electoral privileges, and, without insisting on calling me up to it, it quietly called me in whenever its health needed other advice than that of its visiting apothecary. Again it invited me, sometimes to dinner, often to tea. And again Miss Brabazon assured me by a sidelong glance that it was no fault of hers if I were still single.

I had almost forgotten the dispute which had obtained for me so conspicuous a triumph, when one winter's night I was roused from sleep by a summons to attend Dr. Lloyd, who, attacked by a second stroke a few hours previously, had, on recovering sense, expressed a vehement desire to consult the rival by whom he had suffered so severely. I dressed myself in haste and hurried to his house.

A February night, sharp and bitter. An iron-gray frost below—a spectral melancholy moon above. I had to ascend the Abbey Hill by a steep, blind lane between high walls. I passed through stately gates, which stood wide open, into the garden ground that surrounded the old Abbots' House. At the end of a short carriage-drive the dark and gloomy building cleared itself from leafless skeleton trees, the moon resting keen and cold on its abrupt gables and lofty chimney-stacks. An old woman servant received me at the door, and, without saying a word, led me through a long low hall, and up dreary oak stairs, to a broad landing, at which she paused for a moment, listening. Round and about hall, staircase, and landing, were ranged the dead specimens of the savage world which it had been the pride of the naturalist's life to collect. Close where I stood yawned the open jaws of the fell anaconda—its lower coils hid, as they rested on the floor below, by the winding of the massive stairs. Against the dull wainscot walls were pendent cases stored with grotesque unfamiliar mummies, seen imperfectly by the moon that shot through the window panes, and the candle in the old woman's hand. And as now she turned toward me, nodding her signal to follow, and went on up the shadowy passage, rows of gigantic birds—ibis and vulture, and huge sea glaucus—glared at me in the false life of their angry eyes.

So I entered the sick room, and the first glance told me that my art was powerless there.

The children of the stricken widower were grouped round his bed, the eldest apparently about fifteen, the youngest four; one little girl—the only female child—was clinging to her father's neck, her face pressed to his bosom, and in that room her sobs alone were loud.

As I passed the threshold Dr. Lloyd lifted his face, which had been bent over the weeping child, and gazed on me with an aspect of strange glee, which I failed to interpret. Then, as I stole toward him softly and slowly, he pressed his lips on the long fair tresses that streamed wild over his breast, motioned to a nurse who stood beside his pillow to take the child away, and, in a voice clearer than I could have expected in one on whose brow lay the unmistakable hand of death, he bade the nurse and the children quit the room. All went sorrowfully, but silently, save the little girl, who, borne off in the nurse's arms, continued to sob as if her heart were breaking.

I was not prepared for a scene so affecting; it moved me to the quick. My eyes wistfully followed the children, so soon to be orphans, as one after one went out into the dark chill shadow, and amidst the bloodless forms of the dumb brute nature, ranged in grisly vista beyond the death-room of man. And when the last infant shape had vanished, and the door closed with a jarring click, my sight wandered loiteringly around the chamber before I could bring myself to fix it on the broken form, beside which I now stood in all that glorious vigor of frame which had fostered the pride of my mind.

In the moment consumed by my mournful survey the whole aspect of the place impressed itself ineffaceably on life-long remembrance. Through the high, deep-sunken casement, across which the thin, faded curtain was but half drawn, the moonlight rushed, and then settled on the floor in one shroud of white glimmer, lost under the gloom of the death-bed. The roof was low, and seemed lower still by heavy intersecting beams, which I might have touched with my lifted hand. And the tall, guttering candle by the bedside, and the flicker from the fire struggling out through the fuel but newly heaped on it, threw their reflection on the ceiling just over my head in a reek of quivering blackness, like an angry cloud.

Suddenly I felt my arm grasped, with his left hand (the right side was already lifeless); the dying man drew me toward him nearer and nearer, till his lips almost touched my ear. And, in a voice now firm, now splitting into gasp and hiss, thus he said:

"I have summoned you to gaze on your own work! You have stricken down my life at the moment when it was most needed by my children, and most serviceable to mankind. Had I lived a few years longer, my children would have entered on manhood, safe from the temptations of want and undejected by the charity of strangers. Thanks to you, they will be penniless orphans. Fellow-creatures afflicted by maladies your pharmacopœia had failed to reach, came to me for relief, and they found it. 'The effect of imagination,' you say. What matters, if I directed the imagination to cure? Now you have mocked the unhappy ones out of their last chance of life. They will suffer and perish. Did you believe me in error? Still you knew that my object was research into truth. You employed against your brother in art venomous drugs and a poisoned probe. Look at me! Are you satisfied with your work?"

I sought to draw back and pluck my arm from the dying man's grasp. I could not do so without using a force that would have been inhuman. His lips drew nearer still to my ear.

"Vain pretender, do not boast that you brought a genius for epigram to the service of science. Science is lenient to all who offer experiment as the test of conjecture. You are of the stuff of which inquisitors are made. You cry that truth is profaned when your dogmas are questioned. In your shallow presumption you have meted the dominions of nature, and where your eye halts its vision, you say, 'There, nature must close;' in the bigotry which adds crime to presumption, you would stone the discoverer who, in annexing new realms to her chart, unsettles your arbitrary landmarks. Verily, retribution shall await you. In those spaces which your sight has disdained to explore you shall yourself be a lost and bewildered straggler. Hist! I see them already! The gibbering phantoms are gathering round you!"

The man's voice stopped abruptly; his eye fixed in a glazing stare; his hand relaxed its hold; he fell back on his pillow. I stole from the room; on the landing-place I met the nurse and the old woman servant. Happily the children were not there. But I heard the wail of the female child from some room not far distant.

I whispered hurriedly to the nurse, "All is over!"—passed again under the jaws of the vast anaconda—and on through the blind lane between the dead walls—on through the ghastly streets, under the ghastly moon—went back to my solitary home.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

THE LESSON OF DEFEAT.

If we are true to ourselves, the disaster of 21st July will prove a benefit rather than an injury. The Great Bethel blunder taught us the folly of going to battle under civilian leadership; the Bull Run tragedy is fraught with many valuable lessons.

It will teach us, in the first place, and not only us, but those also who have in charge the national interests at this crisis, that this war must be prosecuted on scientific principles, and that popular clamor must not be suffered to override the dictates of experience and the rules of strategy. We have the best evidence to prove that the march to Bull Run, and the fight there, were both undertaken against the judgment of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT, and solely in deference to the popular craving for action which owed its origin and main virulence to the New York *Tribune*. The wretched result must serve as a warning for the future. Hereafter our generals must not be hurried into premature demonstrations. If any portion of the press should attempt hereafter to goad them into acting in opposition to their judgment, public sentiment must rebuke the mischievous endeavor, and our officers and the Government must withstand it resolutely. No doubt, in the course of the next few weeks or months, it will often appear that our armies are sluggish, and their action dilatory. We must remember, when this occurs, that there may be reasons for delay which the public can not discern. We must, in such cases, remind each other of the fatal twenty-first of July, and thank God that we can trust implicitly in ABRAHAM LINCOLN and WINFIELD SCOTT.

Again. The detailed accounts of the retreat from Bull Run prove that a very large proportion of our militia officers failed in their duty on that occasion. Some displayed cowardice, others incapacity. This is no matter of surprise. In selecting company and even field officers, our militiamen often attach more weight to wealth and political or social influence than to bravery or soldierly aptitude. Very many commissions are won by intrigue. Under these circumstances it was natural that, in the hour of danger, the officers who owed their epaulets to wealth, political or social influence, or intrigue, should have failed to develop the coolness, courage, and command over their men which soldiers require in their leaders. It was to be expected that they would rather lead than check a panic. This radical flaw in our military system must now be corrected. Great Bethel emancipated us, cheaply enough, from the mischief of civilian brigadiers. Bull Run must rid us of cowardly or imbecile colonels, majors, and captains. It is announced that hereafter the War Department will exercise the right of reviewing the elections of field officers in each regiment. We trust that no scruple of delicacy or timidity will interfere with the vigorous execution of this rule. It should be extended to captains of companies also. Better offend a thousand ambitious candidates for military rank than have another flight led by colonels, majors, and captains. And there will be great need of the pruning-knife. By means best known to themselves most unfit men are even now obtaining commissions in regiments fitted out here. Intrigue, money, family connections, and all kinds of improper influences are officering our new regiments. By the memory of Bull Run we adjure the War Department and the commanding general to subject all these officers to a thorough test, and to reject the unsuitable without hesitation. We have plenty of bravery and plenty of military talent in the country; for Heaven's sake let some one see that it is used in the right place.

Let no man be disheartened by the Bull Run disaster. We were beaten, it is true. But we were beaten by an enemy twice as strong as we were. They fought in intrenchments elaborately constructed—we groped our way up to the muzzles of their guns, in total ignorance of the topography of the battle-field. Wherever our soldiers met theirs in fair fight, we beat them. They had been drilling and preparing for the fight for half a year at least: our men were raw levies. And if the battle has proved that with these disadvantages we could not contend against them, it has also proved that our troops possess more personal bravery than theirs, and that our people—whom the defeat has only roused to fresh exertions—have the right stuff in them.

"With our light, success is a duty!" Let this be our watch-word. We have every thing in our favor; more than twice the population, complete command of the sea, all the industrial capacity of the country, unrestricted communication with the foreign world, all the money we need, and, best of all, a just cause.

CABINET CHANGES.

SEVERAL journals, in the heat of indignation at the Bull Run defeat, have called for changes in the Cabinet. We hope that none will be made. That certain Secretaries have displayed a want of energy, while others have devoted more time and thought than was decent to securing contracts for political friends, is probably true enough. But it is no time to punish them when the Gaul is at the gates. We must first repel the enemy—then we shall have ample time to settle with unfaithful servants at home. Any change in the Cabinet just now would have the same moral effect, both abroad and at home, as a defeat in the field.

At the same time it may be well for the members of Mr. Lincoln's Administration to read the histories of Rome and Greece. They will there discover that republics are vindictive as well as ungrateful, and that the anger of the most despotic monarch is light and trivial in comparison with the wrath of an outraged and betrayed democracy. The country demands that the business of the several Departments of Government shall be conducted honestly and energetically at the present crisis. Woe to the Cabinet Minister who, when the day of reckoning comes, shall be found to have neglected this public mandate!

☞ The two volunteers, GEORGE O. M'MULLIN and ISAAC BLAKEMORE, who hauled down the secession flag at Harper's Ferry, belong to the Pennsylvania Seventeenth, and not to the New York Ninth, as stated in the letter-press under our recent picture of the exploit.

THE LOUNGER.

BULL RUN.

IT is not in the Saxon heart to despond or despair. On the Monday night after the action at Bull Run, though it was the darkest night that ever fell upon this country, the country was never so strong. Great as we have all felt the contest to be, we knew, that night, that it was greater than our thoughts; that the urgent duty was neither to regret nor recriminate, but to "close up," and press more strongly, more unitedly, forward.

It is impossible yet to tell the story of the day. The newspapers have teemed with differing accounts. Apparently there was victory at hand, if not in possession, when a sudden order to retire dismayed the triumphant line. The soldiers, who from exhaustion or whatever cause had been sent to the rear, and the teamsters and civilians who hovered along the base of our active line, were struck with terror by a sudden dash of cavalry from the flank. They fled, panic-stricken, in a promiscuous crowd: while the soldiers who were really engaged fell back quietly and in good order. It was the crowd of disengaged soldiers, teamsters, and civilians in the rear who rushed, a panting rabble, to Washington, and who told the disheartening story that was flashed over the country at noon on Monday. But our army, our soldiers who were fighting the battle, fought as heroes fight, and only retired when the orders came, as the bravest and most reluctant soldiers must.

The fight at Bull Run, therefore, was of no evil auspice to the cause, as it would have been if the truth had proved to be what we all at first feared. It was, so far as our army was concerned, the orderly retirement of an inferior force before superior numbers strongly intrenched. Why they were so exposed, and whether, exposed or not, they would not have remained upon the field victorious except for the panic in the rear, are questions which can not be easily decided.

An experienced soldier, an officer in a foreign army, who has seen much service, writes to the Lounger in a purely military strain: "I can understand that such news affect you disagreeably; but you must remember that war is a new thing to you, especially to some of your officers in command: and this, also, that it always must take the lives of a good many men to acquire experience in warfare. There is a rather cruel proverb in French which is in great favor with military men: it is; *Pour faire un omelette, il faut d'abord casser des œufs.*

BOTH SIDES.

THE men at the South who are trying to destroy the government, and the men at the North who are trying to save it, can not contemplate the day at Bull Run without deep reflection. The time for passion and rhetoric and surprise has passed. The issue is made up before the world. The arena is our noble country. The combatants are ourselves. The struggle is for free constitutional government. Shall it be lost, or maintained?

Now the particular lesson that the friends of a free government in this country have learned is this: that its enemies are resolutely prepared to dispute the point in the way most favorable to themselves. They are under the military command of an engineer whom the Government educated and who bore off the honors of his class. The system of defense he adopts is the one most suitable to the country in which he is placed, and to the habits and character of the people he commands. Those people are as profoundly ignorant of their fellow-citizens north of the Potomac as they are of the Chinese. They believe that they are defending all that is dearest and most sacred from the violating hands of barbarian hordes. And this ignorance is deepened by the artful falsehoods of Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and the other rebel chiefs. For the war they have commenced they have plenty of artillery and ammunition. They mean to fight desperately behind their works, but not outside of them, and they will try to prolong the war long enough for foreign powers to have an excuse to interfere.

This is what we have learned; and what have we taught them?

We have taught them that the great mass of the people of this country, free, intelligent, and comfortable, do not mean to have the government which secures them every blessing ruined without shedding the last drop of blood in its defense. The people whom the conspirators thought to be cowards have proved themselves to be cool and terrible soldiers. The appalling truth threatens the rebellion even from the field at Bull Run that the loyal people of this country are just as fearfully in earnest as the rebels; and that "the abstraction" for which the rebels taunt them for fighting is nothing less than the system which secures each one of those citizens his rights.

Granting the rebels, then, an equal faith with ourselves in the justice of their cause, which side is likely to prevail—they, who stand upon slavery and cotton, the first of which war makes a deadly danger, and the second is useless if it can not be sold; or we, who have abounding men and money, who are a people of every pursuit, with a soil producing every crop, who have the tradition and possession of the government, the course of civilization, and the sympathy of mankind?

THE WAY TO PEACE.

A BALTIMORE gentleman, who believes in Mr. Jefferson Davis and disbelieves in the Government of the United States, is said to have asked whether after another victory or two we might not hope for peace. He meant, whether the country at large would not then assent to Mr. Davis's Constitution as the law of the land.

But how should we have peace from that assent? Suppose his Constitution accepted by a majority of the States even, and imposed upon the others. What then? How do you hope for peace from it? The Davis Constitution is a revival of the old Confederation. It is a league among States, not a government of the people, and each State is to decide for itself when it will leave the league. That is the fundamental doctrine of this rebellion. A revolution proceeds upon causes which are cited to justify it to God and men. But the principle of "the Confederacy" is, as Mr. Lincoln plainly said at Indianapolis last February, the free-love principle. When a State is tired it goes off. Its whim is the constitutional justification of its course.

Does any Baltimore gentleman think that this is the road to peace?

Probably not. But he may say that he supposes that, after a battle or two more lost by us, we shall be willing to seek peace by assenting to the separation of the States.

Mr. Everett answers this question on the Fourth of July as it had been often enough answered before. Of secession he says, "It is in its very nature a perpetual cause of hostility..... If, for the frivolous reasons assigned, the seceding States have chosen to plunge into this gulf, while all the peaceful temperaments and constitutional remedies of the Union were within their reach, and offers of further compromise and additional guarantees were daily tendered them, what hope, what possibility of peace can there be when the Union is broken up; when, in addition to all other sources of deadly quarrel, a general exodus of the slave population begins (as, beyond all question, it will), and nothing but war remains for the settlement of controversies? The Vice-President of the new Confederacy states that it rests on slavery; but from its very nature it must rest equally on war—eternal war; first between North and South, and then between some of the smaller fragments into which some of the disintegrated parts may crumble."

Is this the way to peace? Any Baltimore gentleman can see as plainly as any patriot in the country, that even if peace were made upon such terms, the army which we have now in the field could not be reduced by a single soldier.

There is but one way to peace in this emergency, and that is to establish the national supremacy a hundred-fold more absolutely than ever before. All other solutions are simply anarchy and war. This alone is permanent peace. The present generation at the South have been taught to hate the Union. They must now be taught to fear it, in order that they may gradually understand and love it.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS," AND THE NEW NOVELS.

THE novel of Dickens, which is just completed in this paper, is among the best novels in our literature. The *Athenæum* in London says of it—and we quote it because it is so parsimonious of praise: "Whether the library of English fiction contains a romance comparable with 'Great Expectations' is a matter which admits of doubt......Trying Mr. Dickens by himself, we find in this his last tale as much force as in the most forcible portions of 'Oliver Twist,' as much delicacy as in the most delicate passages of 'David Copperfield,' as much quaint humor as in 'Pickwick.' In short, that this is the creation of a great artist in his prime we have felt from the very first moment of its appearance......."

The *Athenæum* is seldom so much excited by any work as it declares itself to be by this story of Dickens.

The story deserves much if not all that is said of it. It has all the power, variety, humor, tenderness, grace, wonderful pathos, and masterly management which are found in the other tales, but not often so forcibly combined as in this. Its most original character is Joe Gargery: the soul of a child in the body of a giant: a man in whom the essential manhood triumphs over every obstacle, and shines out in such lovely light that our common nature takes fresh hold of our affection and admiration.

There is no sermon preached in the story. Nobody proses or moralizes or "improves." The plot moves steadily forward from the first word, with its impenetrable cloud of causes, counter-causes, influences, and fatalities. The many-hued characters, whether hinted, drawn, or elaborated, play their parts without the least superfluity. The landscape and the aspects of outward nature adapt themselves to the tale; and when you close the book, sermon or no sermon, you are a wiser and a sadder man.

That deep, searching skepticism of the course of human justice, which, while it does not question its general necessity, alleviates by sympathy particular injustice, and so appeals to a correction of abuse in our dealings with criminals, and to the great secret pity of mankind for sinners, is nowhere more satisfactorily put than in "Great Expectations." And if this great author had no other claim to remembrance, what a sweet and signal service to humanity it is that he has always shown us the man in the criminal, and softened with tears the voice of condemnation!

As Dickens retires from the scene Bulwer appears. His new novel begins in this number of the *Weekly*. Meanwhile, in the *Monthly*, Thackeray tells the tale of "Philip," and Anthony Trollope of "Orley Farm." The lords of old had "harpers hoar" to sing to them at table. We are all lords now, and, sitting at our ease, genius tells stories more delightful than ever the barons heard.

REPRISALS.

IN his message to the Richmond Congress, Jefferson Davis says that he sent a flag to President Lincoln informing him "of my resolute purpose to check all barbarities on prisoners of war by such severity of retaliation upon prisoners held by us as should secure the abandonment of the practice." Mr. Davis makes the fate of certain United States citizens in his hands depend upon that of the pirates of the *Savannah*.

He assumes to be the head of a nation. But no other nation in the world acknowledges him. Consequently his commission to a sea-captain to stop and plunder the ships of a great recognized Power in the world can have no other weight than a similar commission from any body else.

In ordinary battle, as at Bull Run, the combatants, whatever the justice of their cause, having appealed to arms, are equally exposed to danger. But a privateer is an armed vessel sailing under false pretenses, and falling upon unprotected merchantmen. The difference of the cases is that of a duel and a highway robbery. A man about to fight a duel may treat his opponent politely. But it is not expected that any body shall be polite to a footpad. Therefore the law of nations condemns privateering as piracy.

With some show of reason Mr. Davis might say that if we hung all the prisoners we took in battle he would hang all that he took. But he can have no pretense for including pirates in the same category. Because, although the sailors sail and the soldiers march equally by his commission, the difference between them lies in the difference of their method of war.

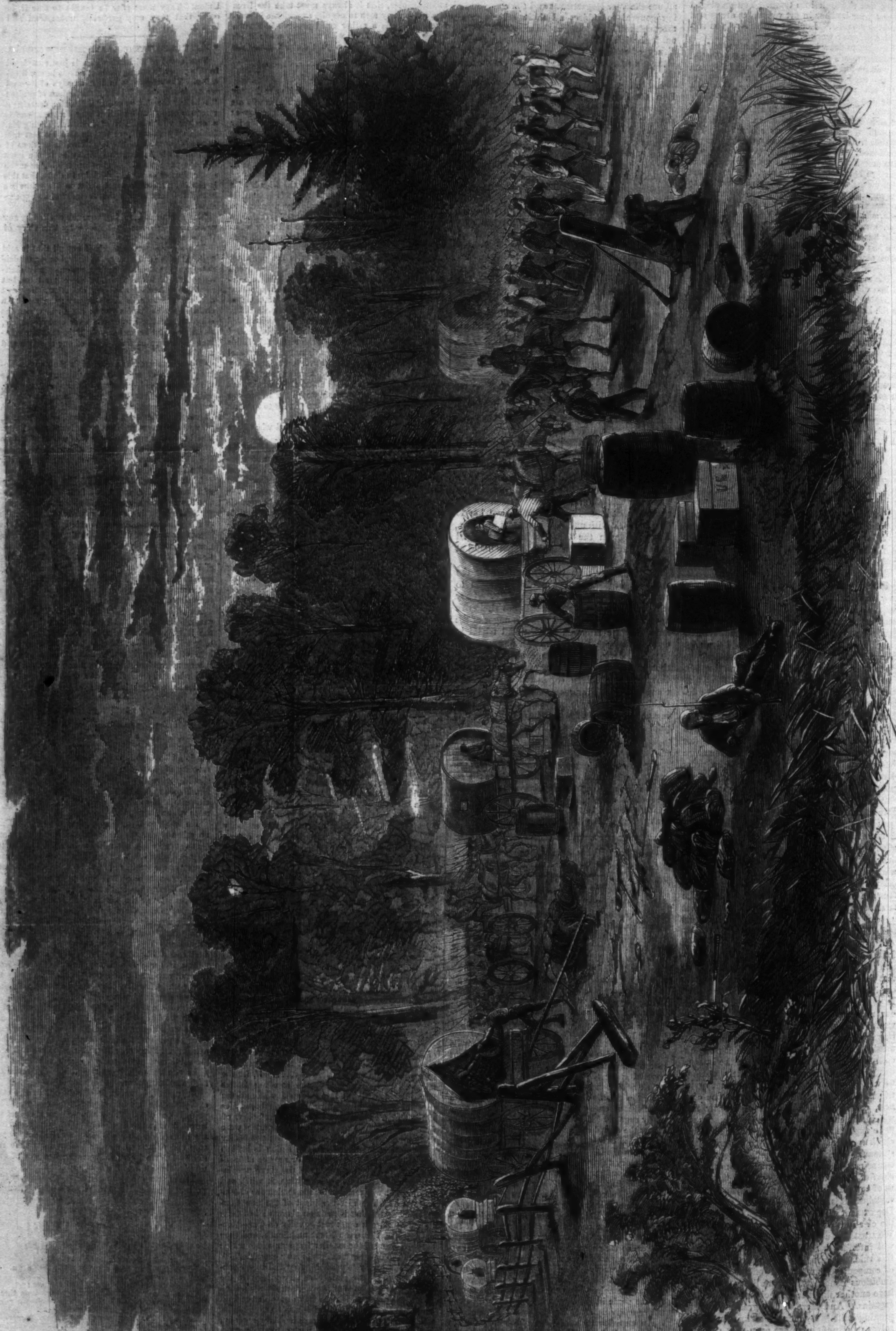
Argument, however, is of no avail in the case except for the future record of these events. The point is one of policy. Shall we save the lives of heroes now in the hands of the enemy by sparing the lives of the pirates whom they send out to capture our ships and murder the crews if they resist? Do we by so doing make it a war of extermination? And if so, who suffers most?

The answers to these questions involve very important considerations, which are obvious enough.

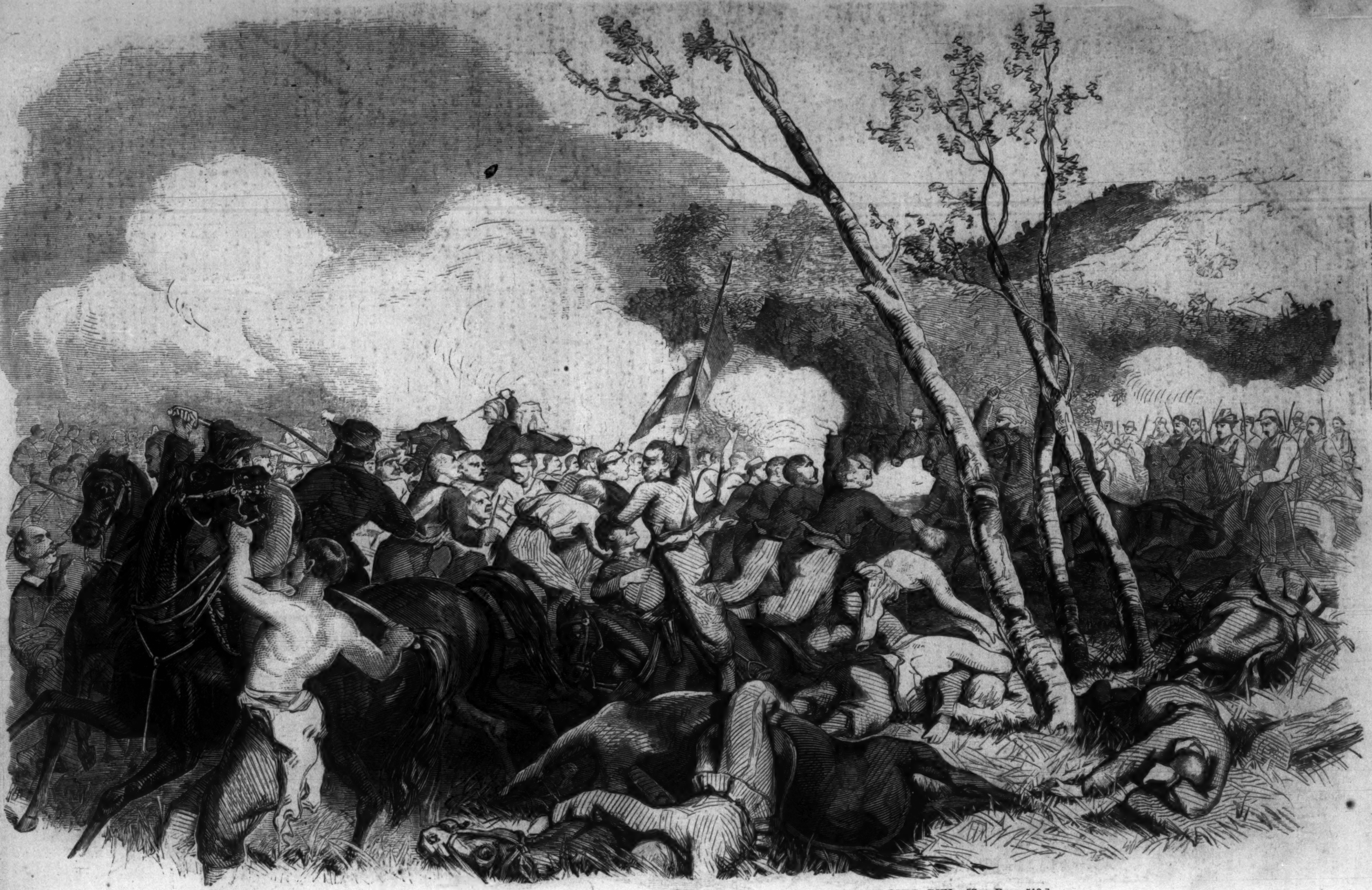
UP WITH THE FLAG!

Now, by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on,
  The Stars and Stripes are up for Liberty!
  Flag of the Nation—Talisman of the Free!
Curs'd be the hand that dares to pluck thee down.
Traitors may trample—Rebel States disown,
  The clouds of war encompass land and sea;
  The stars may fall from heaven, but not from thee!
Thy rainbow stripes shall stand while stands the sun.
Up! freemen, up! No more concession [illegible]
  Act! act! The hour for words is more than past.
Free thought—free speech—free limbs, for high and low;
  From every land rings out this bugle blast—
Strike! 'Tis the hand of God that guides the blow;
  Strike! 'Tis the hour that frees the world at last.

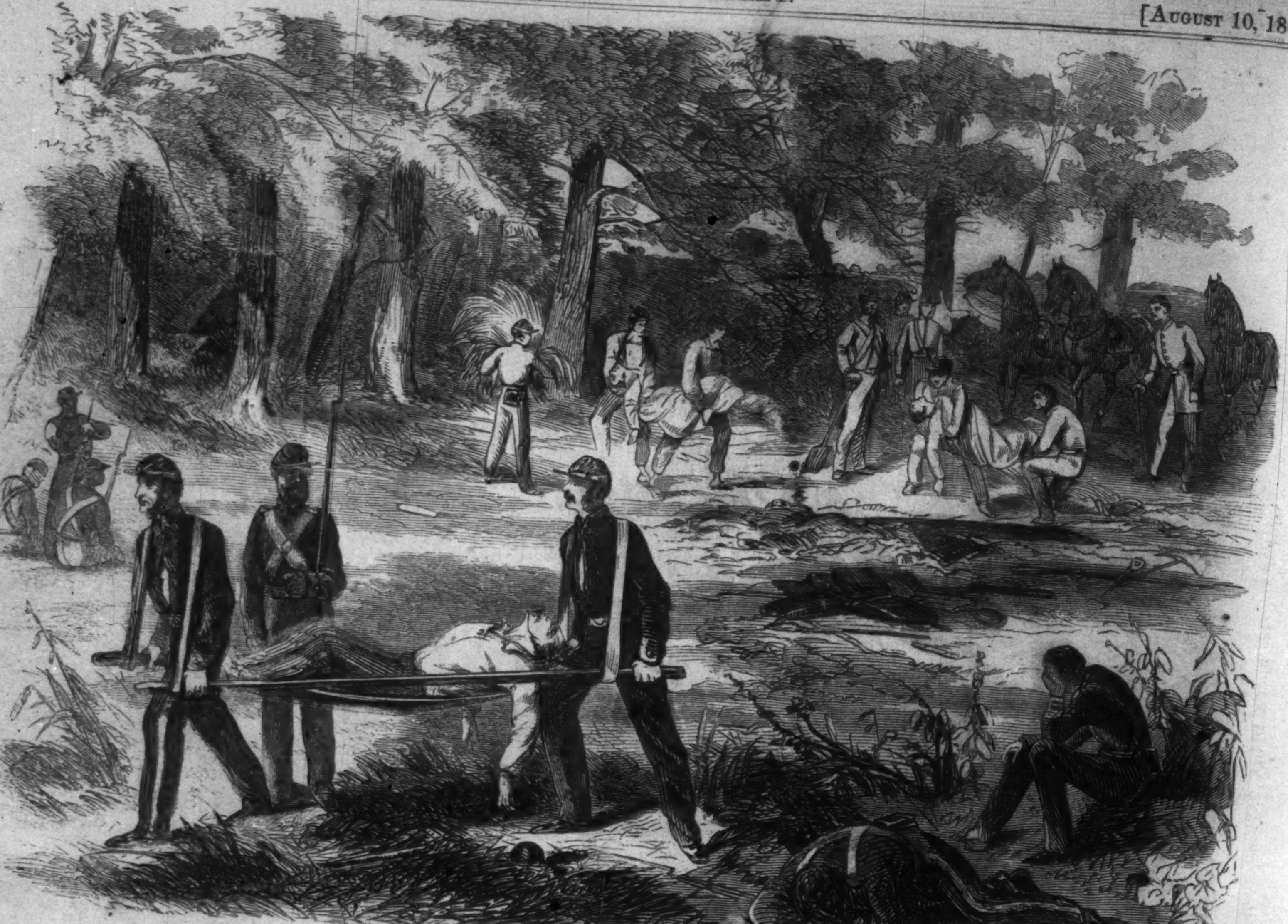
HOUSATONIC VALLEY, 1861.



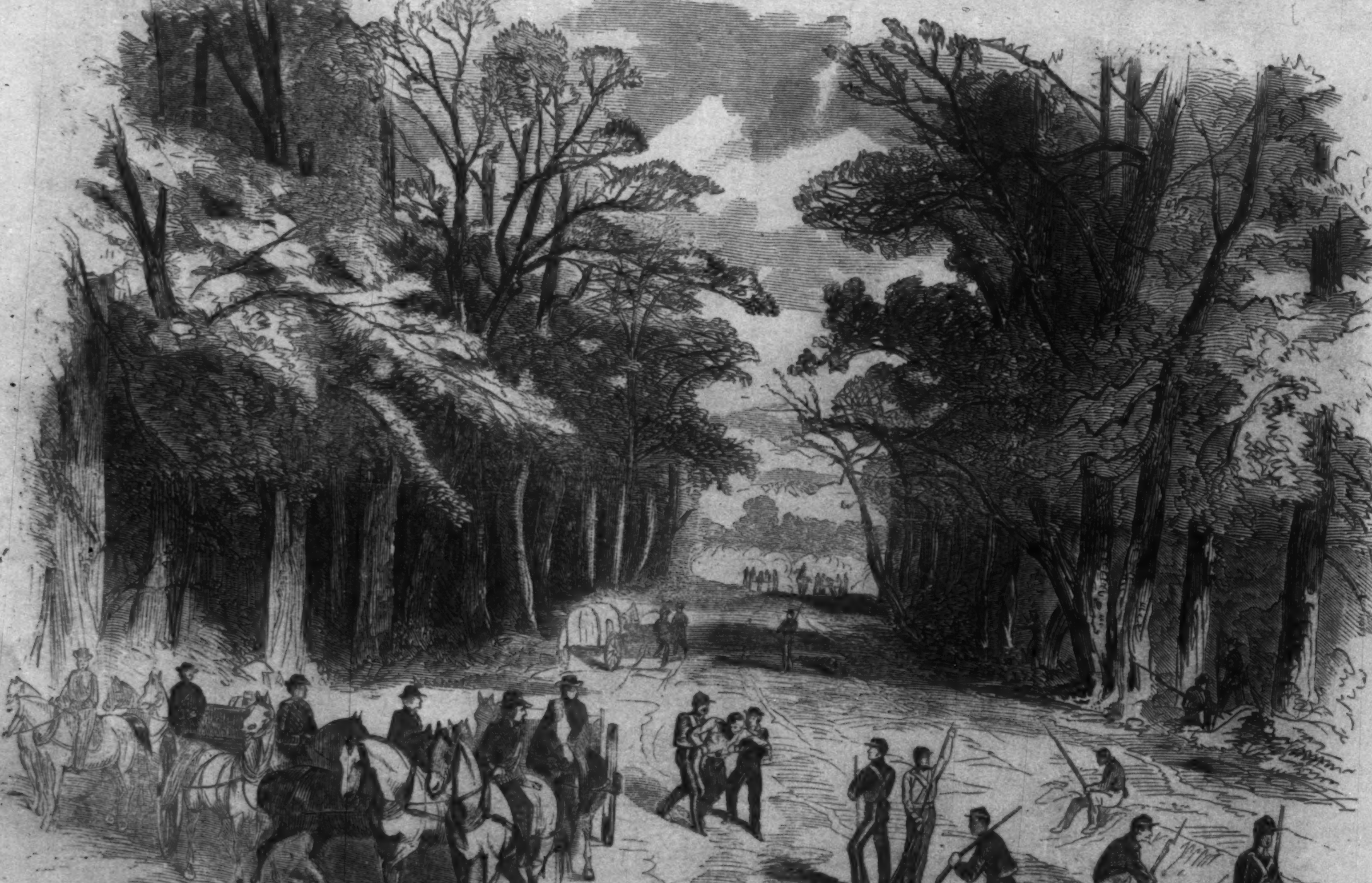
RETREAT OF OUR TROOPS FROM BULL RUN, BY MOONLIGHT, COLONEL BLENKER'S BRIGADE COVERING.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



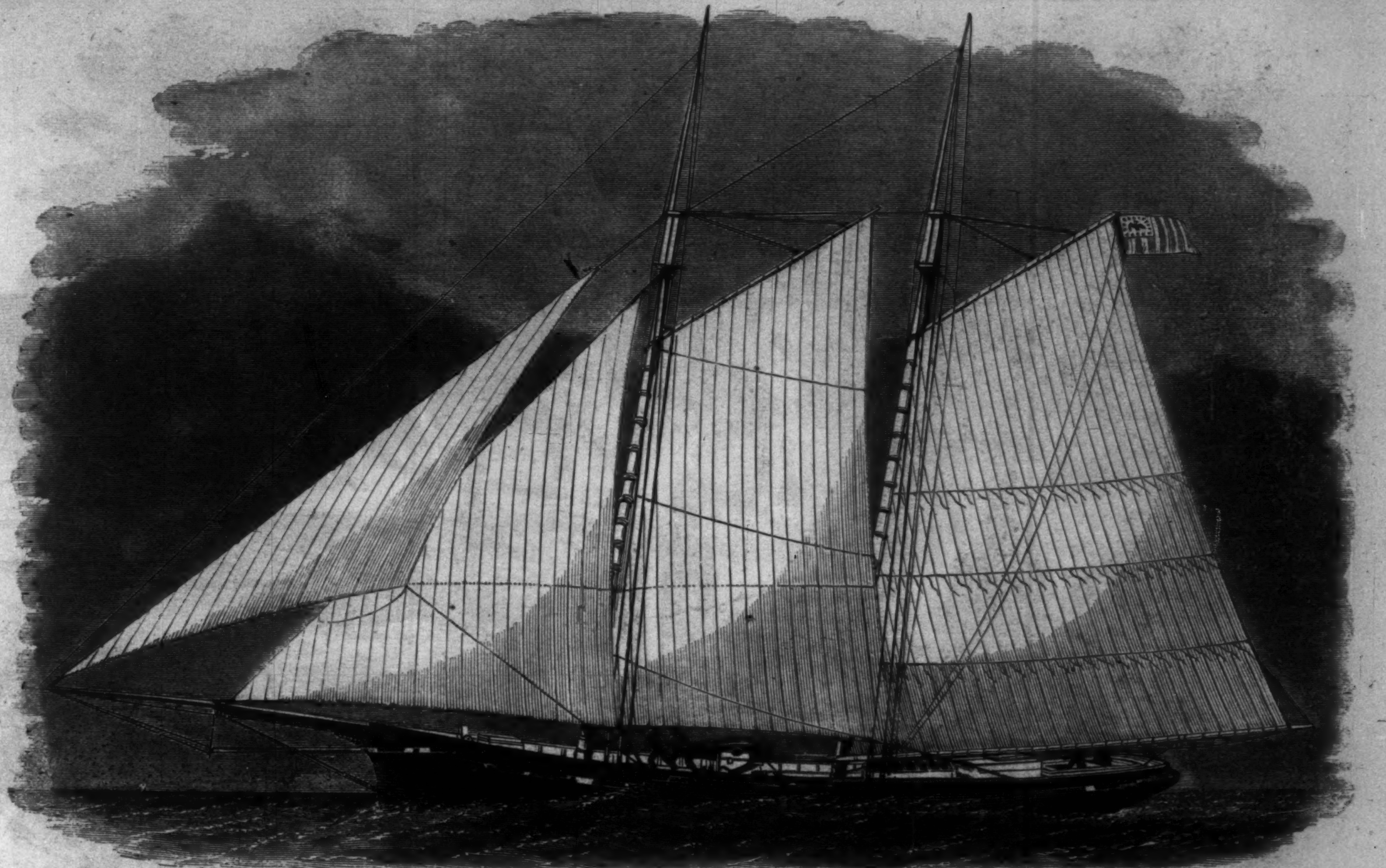
CHARGE OF THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY UPON THE FIRE ZOUAVES AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[See Page 510.]



CARRYING IN THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 510.]



SILENCING THE ENEMY'S BATTERIES AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

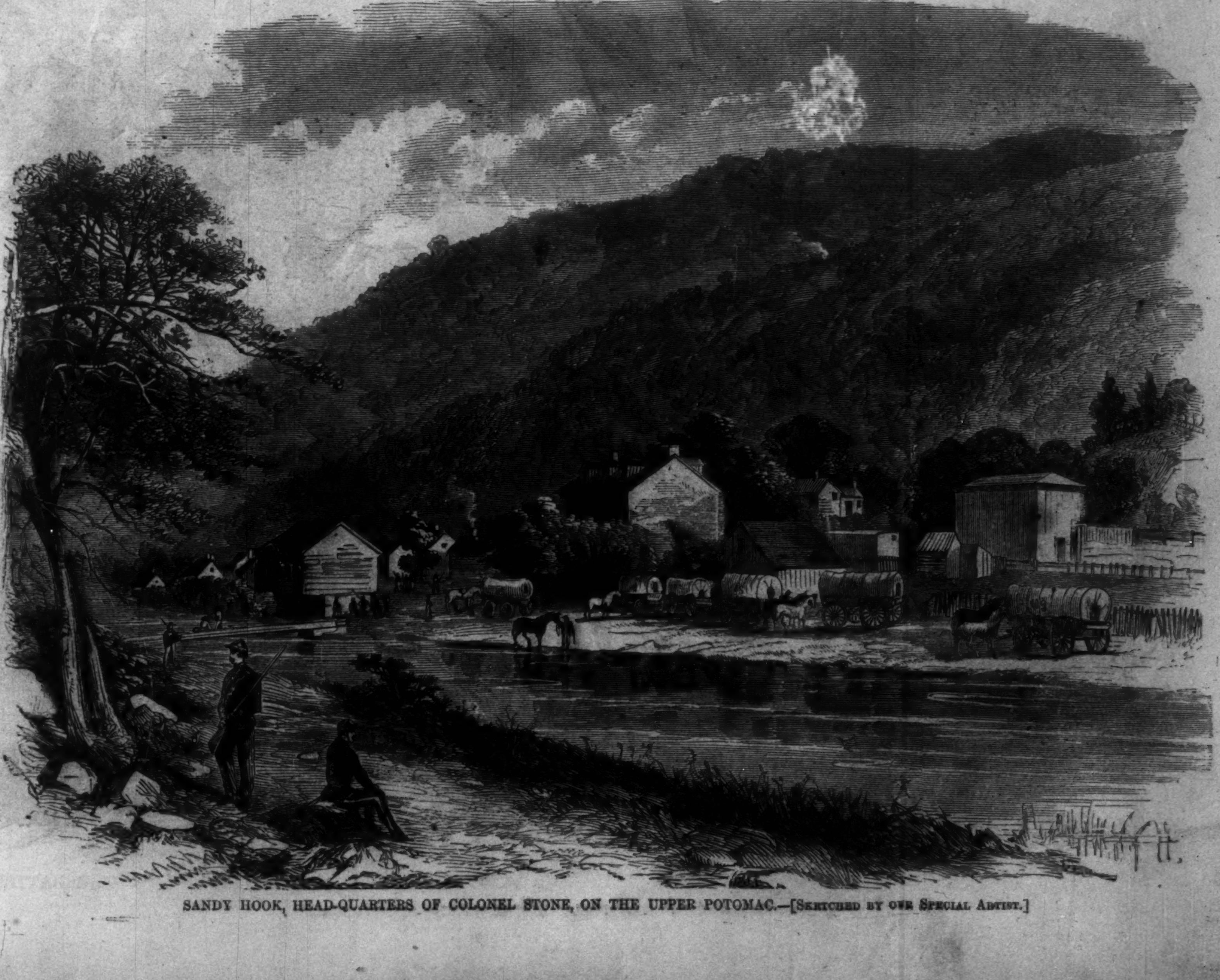


THE YACHT "HENRIETTA," 160 TONS, LIEUTENANT JAMES G. BENNETT, JUN., COMMANDING, NOW ATTACHED TO THE REVENUE SERVICE.

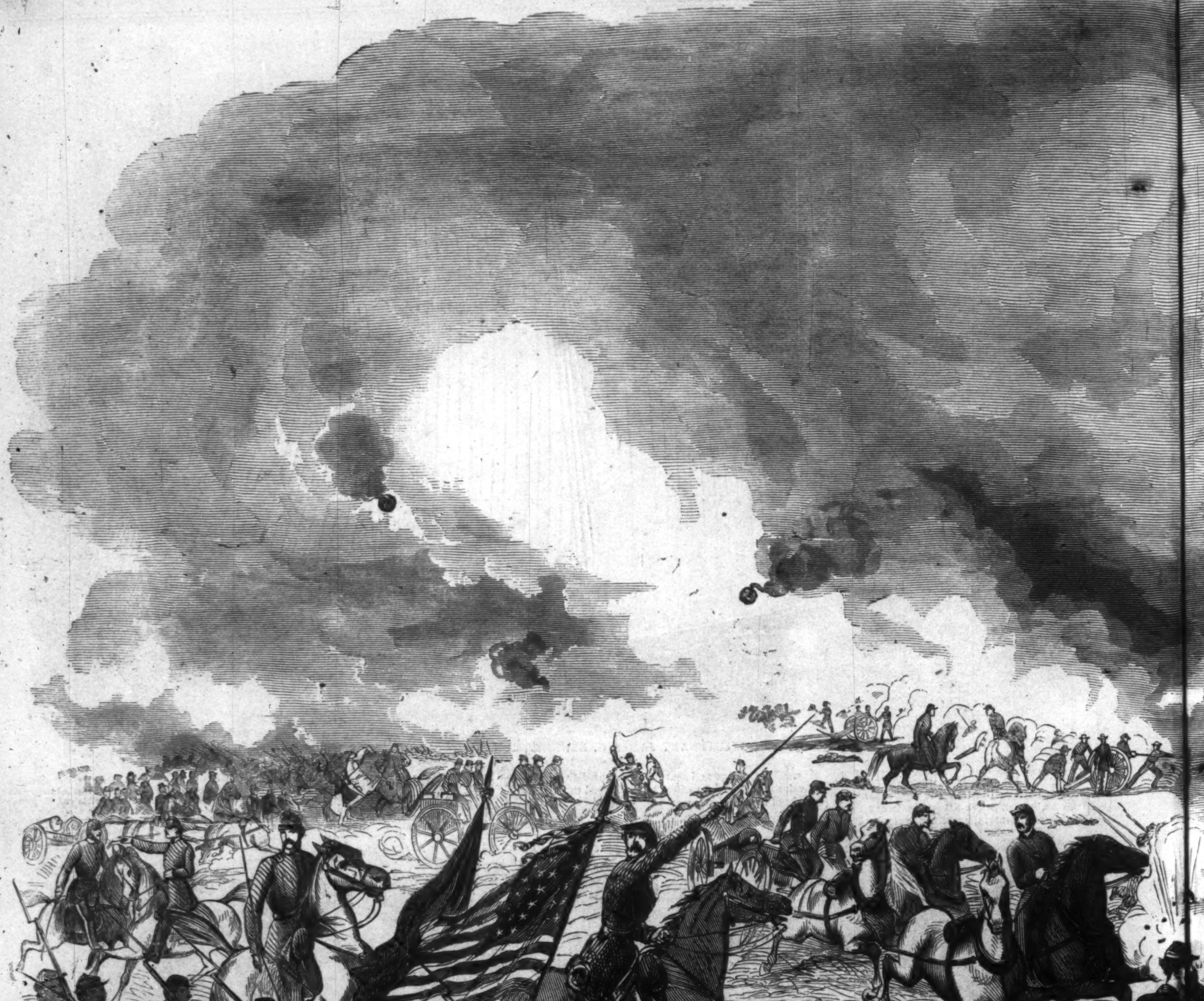
CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.

On page 508 we illustrate one of the Gallant Charges of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, at the Battle of Bull Run. This gallant regiment performed prodigies of valor that day. An officer of the Second thus speaks of their performance:

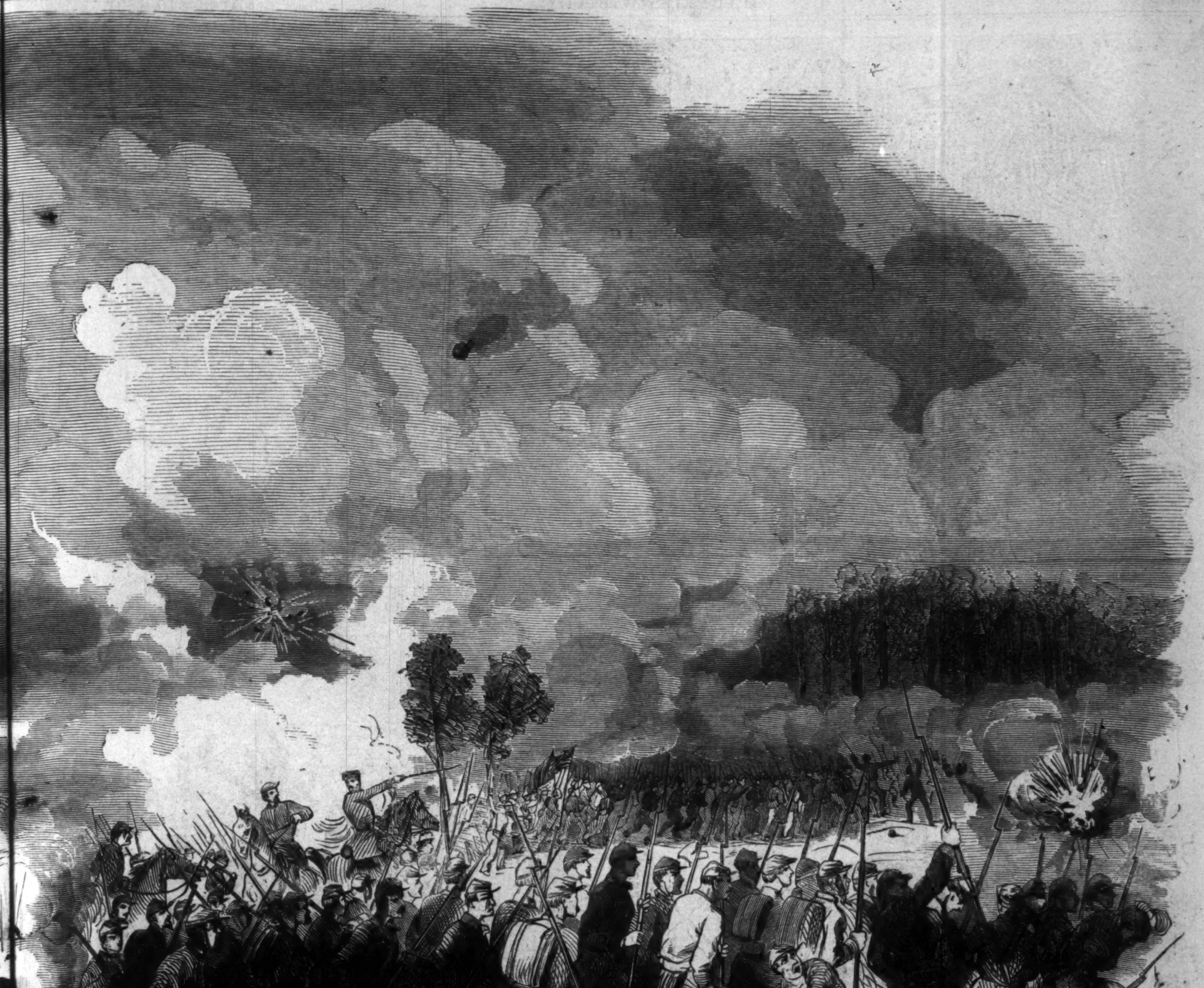
> The Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, performed prodigies of valor. They stripped themselves, and dashed into the enemy with the utmost fury. The difficulty was to keep them quiet. While the Second was engaging a regiment of rebels they retreated into a thick hay-field to draw the Northerners into a trap. The Second continued firing into them, while the Sixty-ninth, by a flank movement, took them in the rear, and pouring a deadly fire into their ranks, afterward charged them with the bayonet. The slaughter was terrible and the defeat complete, for not a man stirred of the whole five or six hundred. In this attack there were very few of the Sixty-ninth wounded.



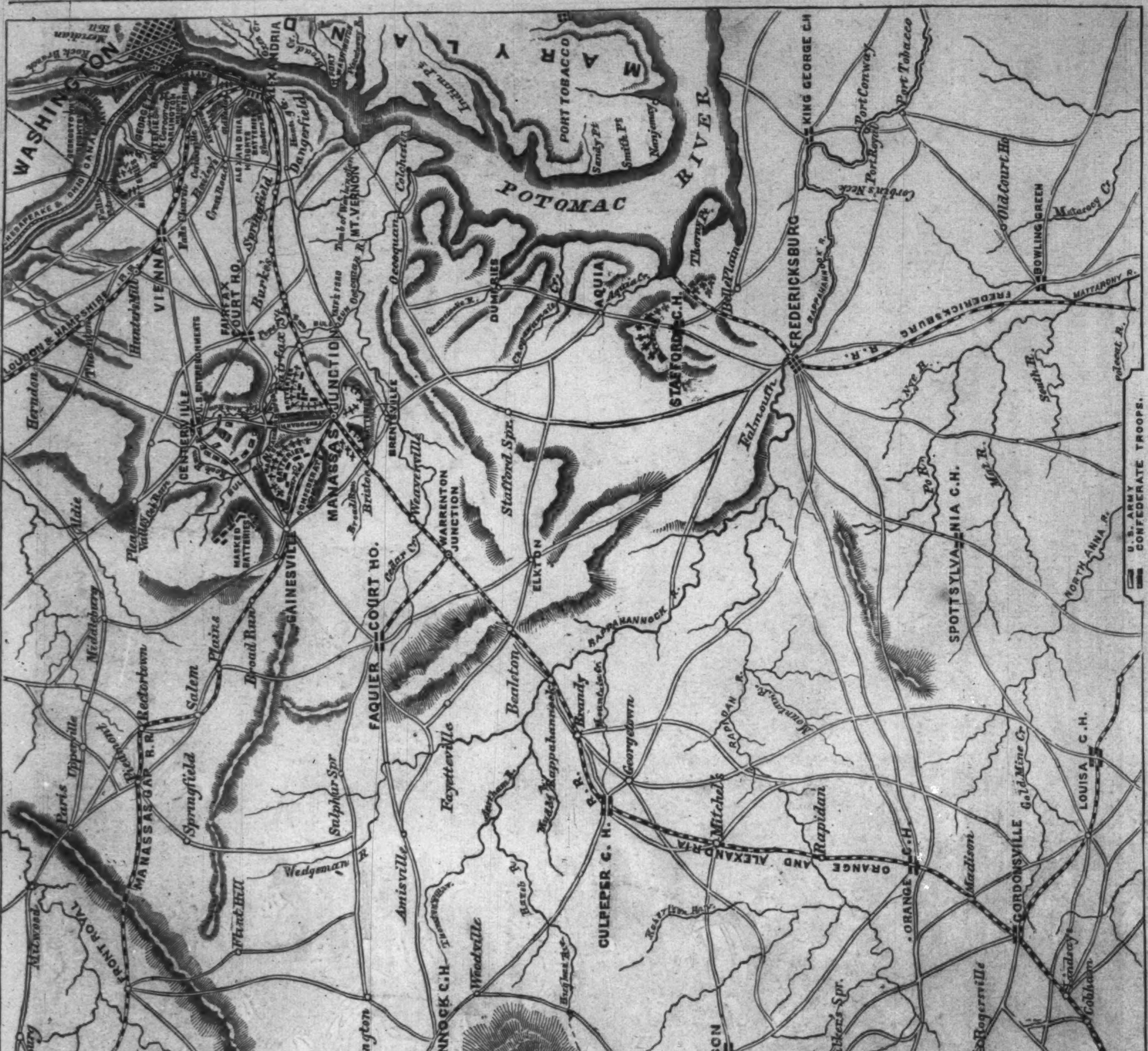
SANDY HOOK, HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL STONE, ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]



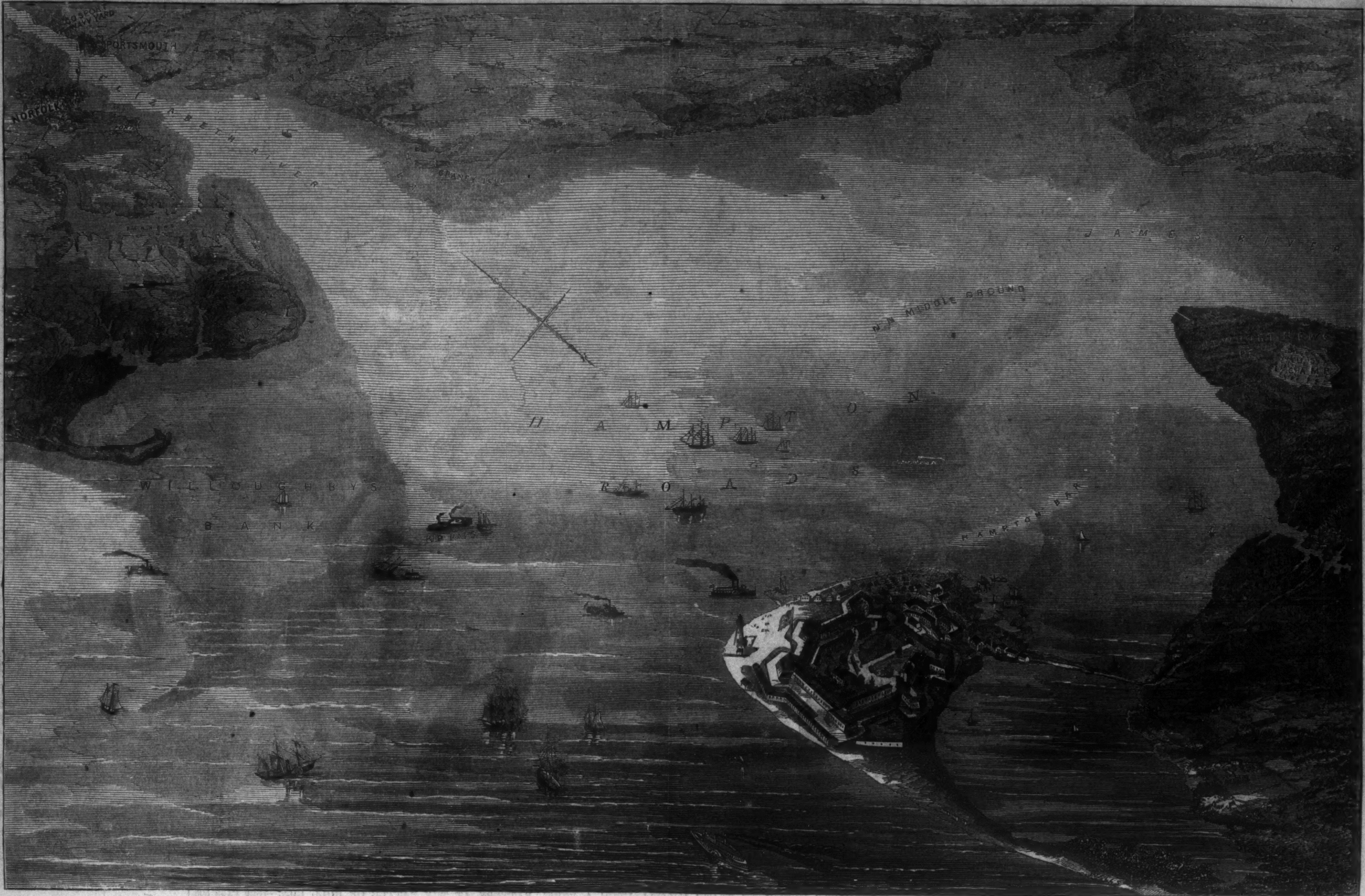
THE BATTLE OF BULL R



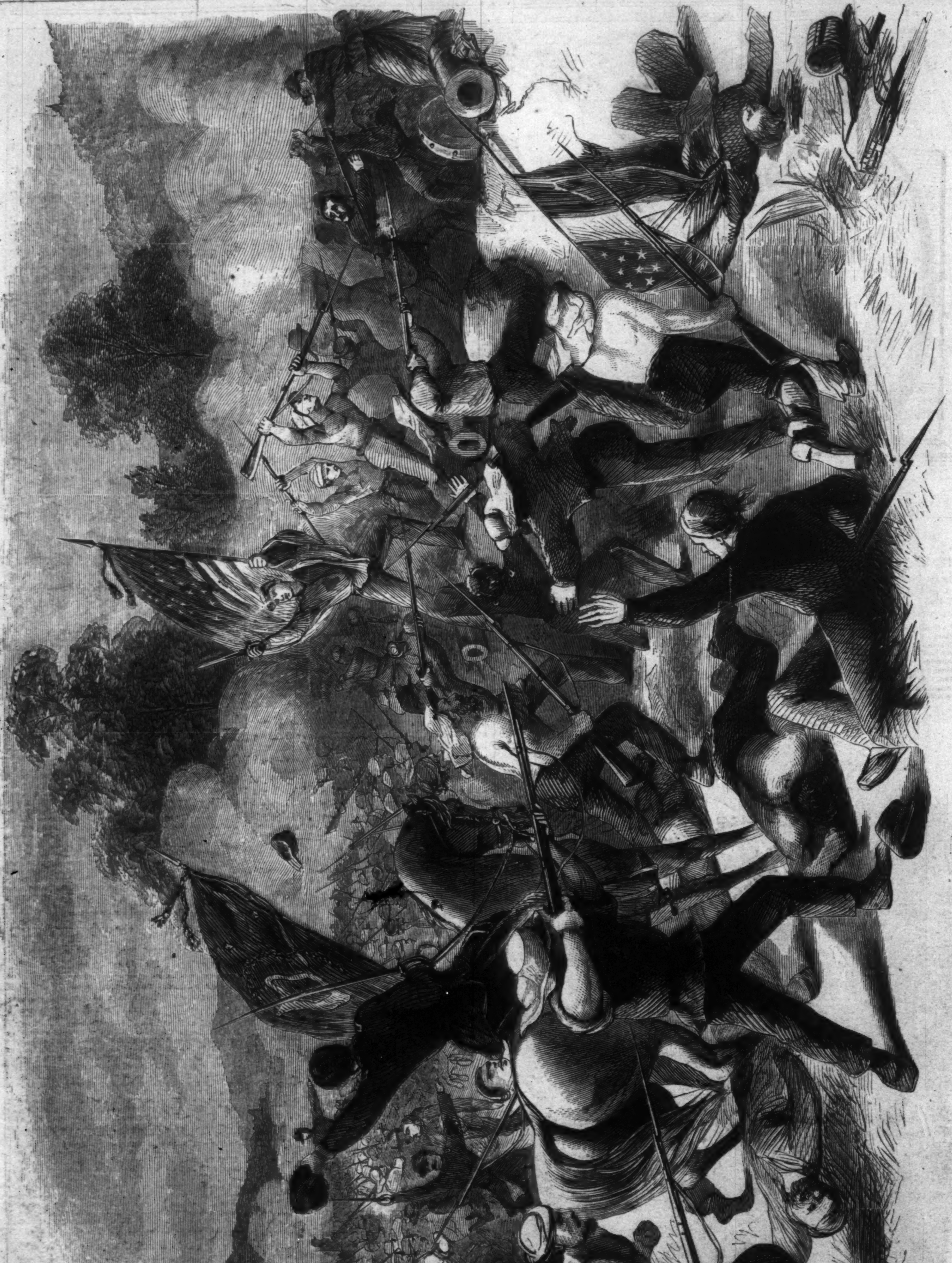
RUN, 2 P.M. JULY 21, 1861.


WASHINGTON
ALEXANDRIA
M A R Y L A N D
POTOMAC RIVER
PORT TOBACCO
MT. VERNON
Occoquan
Colchester
DUMFRIES
AQUIA
STAFFORD C.H.
FREDERICKSBURG
Falmouth
KING GEORGE C.H.
Port Conway
Port Royal
Port Tobacco
Old Court Ho.
BOWLING GREEN
FREDERICKSBURG R.R.
VIENNA
FAIRFAX COURT HO.
Fairfax Station
Springfield
Dangerfield
CENTREVILLE
MANASSAS JUNCTION
Bristow
Brentsville
GAINESVILLE
FAUQUIER COURT HO.
WARRENTON JUNCTION
Stafford Spr.
Elkton
Bealeton
Brandy
RAPPAHANNOCK R.
CULPEPER C.H.
ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA R.R.
Rapidan
ORANGE C.H.
GORDONSVILLE
Madison
LOUISA C.H.
SPOTTSYLVANIA C.H.
NORTH ANNA R.
MADISON
Stannardsville
CHARLOTTESVILLE
Herndon
Aldie
Middleburg
Upperville
Paris
Rectortown
Salem
Plains
Broad Run
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
Springfield
Flint Hill
Sulphur Spr.
Amisville
Woodville
Washington
RAPPAHANNOCK C.H.
Front Royal
Strasburg
Woodstock
Mt. Jackson
LURAY
BLUE RIDGE
Newmarket
Rockingham
SHENANDOAH RIVER
HARRISONBURG
Port Republic
Brown's Gap
STAUNTON
SHENANDOAH MOUNTAIN
U.S. ARMY
CONFEDERATE TROOPS
MILES

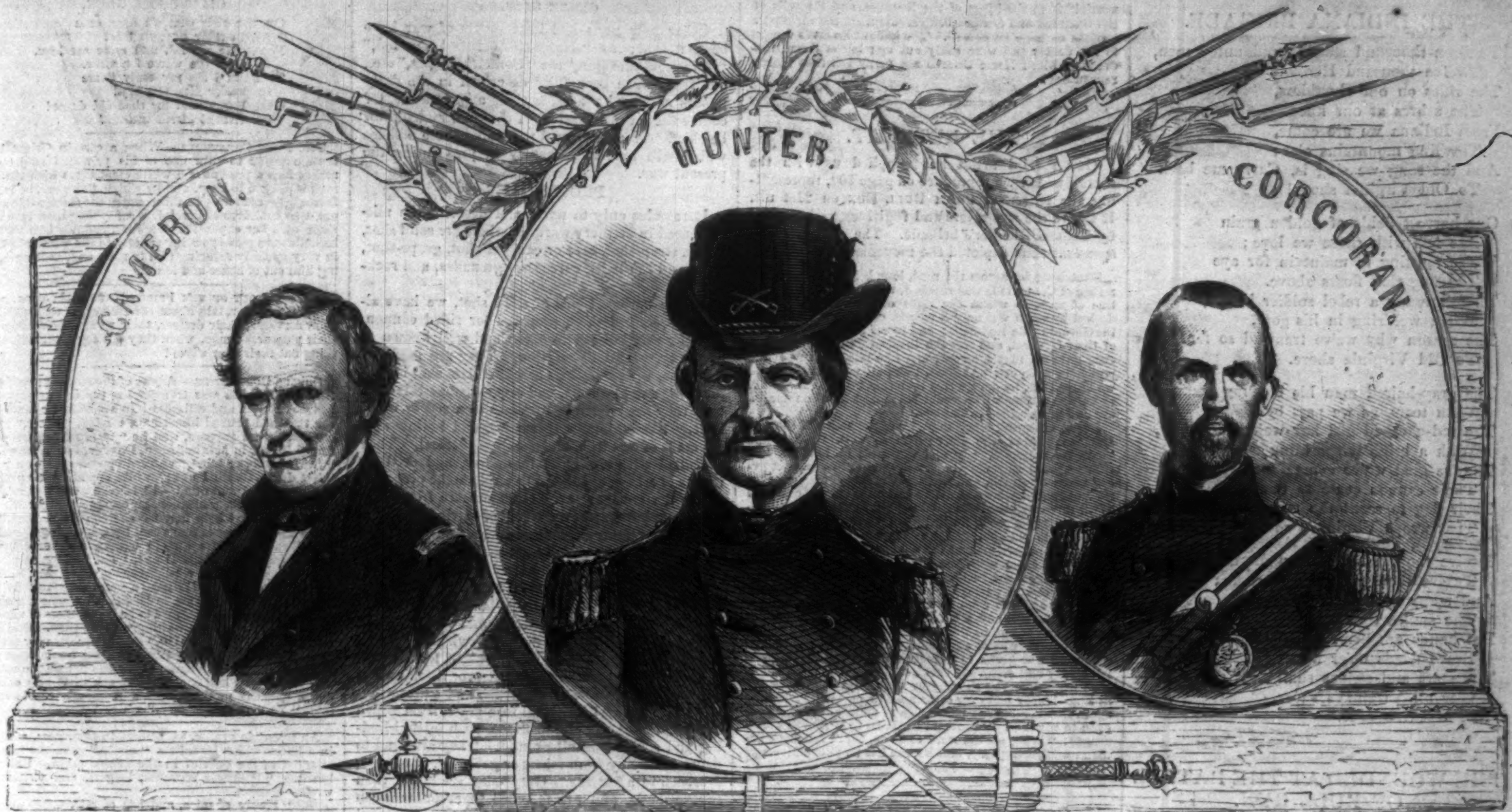
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.


GOSPORT NAVY YARD
PORTSMOUTH
NORFOLK
ELIZABETH RIVER
CRANEY ISL.
JAMES RIVER
MIDDLE GROUND
HAMPTON ROADS
WILLOUGHBY'S BANK
RIP RAPS
HAMPTON BAR

BALLOON VIEW OF FORTRESS MONROE AND THE MOUTH OF THE CHESAPEAKE.



GALLANT CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, UPON A REBEL BATTERY AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[See Page 503.]



THE LATE COL. CAMERON, SEVENTY-NINTH N. Y. STATE MILITIA. COL. HUNTER, U.S.A. COL. CORCORAN, SIXTY-NINTH NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

THE LATE COLONEL CAMERON.

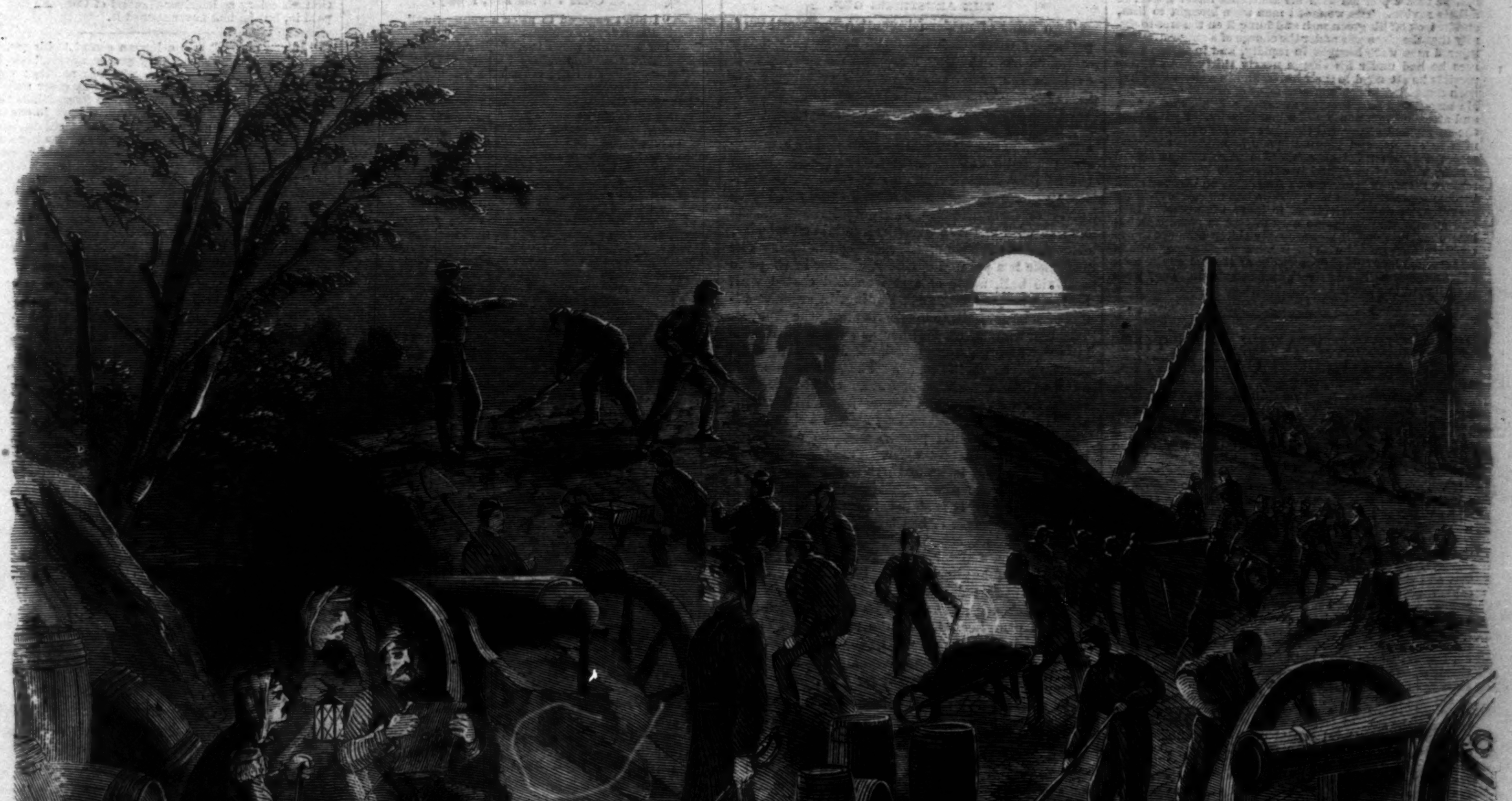
ON this page we give a portrait of the late COLONEL CAMERON, who was killed at the battle of Bull Run. The *Times* gives the following sketch of his career:

The country mourns the loss of the gallant Cameronian chieftain—the Colonel of the New York Seventy-ninth Highlanders—who fell at the head of his regiment in the bloody battle of Bull Run. Colonel Cameron was a man of dauntless valor, of a sterling and generous spirit, high personal honor, and fine intellectual parts—at once a gentleman, a Christian, and a hero. He had also the most commanding physical proportions, a dignified presence, and a noble countenance. Like his brother, the Secretary of War, he had been a printer, a journalist, and a lawyer, and had also taken an active part in forwarding the agricultural and railroad interests of Pennsylvania, his native State. In military affairs he had always taken great interest, having for years commanded a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers. Latterly, however, he had retired from active life to his beautiful estate on the banks of the Susquehanna, intending to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful quiet. Only about a month ago was he induced to accept the command of a thousand patriotic and gallant Highland clansmen from this city, natives of the land of his sires, which he loved so warmly and well. The chief fear of his friends was that on the battle-field he would be too heedless of his own life, and these forebodings have been sadly realized. In his very first charge he fell—fell like a hero, with his face to the foe. At the head of his valiant Highlandmen he dashed into the thickest of the fray, and shouting the inspiriting war-cry, "Scots! follow me!" he passed from the gory battle-field to Paradise.

COLONEL CORCORAN.

On this page we publish a portrait of COLONEL CORCORAN, of the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. M., who is supposed to be wounded and a prisoner at Manassas Junction. Colonel Michael Corcoran was born in Ireland some forty years ago. His father was a British officer who left no means to his son. At a very early age young Corcoran came to this country, obtained employment from the proprietor of Hibernian Hall in this city, and subsequently succeeded him in the establishment. Latterly, we believe, he occupied a desk in the Post-office. Colonel Corcoran joined the Sixty-ninth as a private, and served successively as orderly, lieutenant, and captain, finally rising to the rank of colonel. Let us hope that his captivity will not be of long duration, and that he will have an opportunity of pursuing the career he has so gloriously commenced.

The Sixty-ninth returned to the city under the command of Captain Kelly, of Company A, the Colonel being, as we said, wounded, and a prisoner.



THE FOURTH SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT WORKING IN THE TRENCHES AT NIGHT AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE INDIANA BRIGADE.

TWELVE thousand stanch, undaunted men,
Twelve thousand Hoosiers we—
The rifles on our shoulders,
The sabres at our knee.
From Indiana we are come,
Trav'ling mountains o'er;
And the song we sing is, Carry me back
To Old Virginia shore!

Our harvest fields of golden grain
Are left with those we love;
We're fighting to maintain for aye
The flag that floats above.
There's many a rebel soldier knows,
When welt'ring in his gore,
The reason why we've tramped so far
To Old Virginia shore.

The gray-haired man his blessing pours,
With tears, as we pass by;
The red-cheeked girl her welcome speaks,
With a brightly-sparkling eye.
They're glad we've come; for rebels fly,
Their cannon cease to roar,
Their flag to scent the mountain air
That wraps Virginia's shore.

Twelve thousand stanch, undaunted men—
Twelve thousand more to come;
And many eyes shall never see
The smiles that welcome home.
But hands are firm, and hearts will dare
Brave deeds ne'er heard before—
The stars and stripes shall float again
O'er all Virginia's shore.

NEW ALBANY, *July* 20.

THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

ON page 502 we illustrate CARRYING IN THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, from sketches by our special artist. The fate of many of the wounded was terrible; they were bayoneted where they lay by the rebel troops. The following, from the New York *Tribune*, is one of many pieces of evidence which have been laid before the public:

Surgeon Barnes, of the New York Twenty-eighth Volunteers, was in the fight all through, and came out of it in his shirt sleeves, having lost coat, sash, watch, and all his surgical instruments, having been charged on by the Black Horse Cavalry and compelled to leave the field, being driven from under a tree where he had established his temporary quarters, and where he was attending to the wounds of about twenty-five injured men, part of whom were secessionists.

Surgeon Barnes went up to the battle-field in the rear of the attacking column, and, as soon as our men began to fall, he took a position with his assistants under a tree, in a little ravine. The wounded men were brought to him, and he took off his green sash and hung it on the tree to signify that the place was under the charge of a surgeon. The injured men were brought in rapidly, and in fifteen minutes he had under his charge nearly thirty. As fast as possible he attended to their hurts, and in a short time had been compelled to perform a number of capital operations. He amputated four legs, three arms, a hand, and a foot, and attended to a number of minor injuries. By this time the enemy had discovered the place, and the nature of the men in charge, and began to pour in musket-balls, and projectiles from rifled cannon. The place became unsafe for the wounded men, and it was seen to be necessary to remove them. The Surgeon's Assistants and servant had become separated from him, and he had no one to send for ambulances, and was obliged to leave the wounded men and go himself. It was no easy matter to procure ambulances enough, and it was probably thirty minutes before the Surgeon returned with the necessary assistance. When he returned he found that *every one of those wounded men had been bayoneted or sabred, and was dead.* They were literally cut to pieces.

THE FIRE ZOUAVES AND THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.

WE publish on page 501 an illustration of the terrible conflict which took place at the battle of Bull Run between the Fire Zouaves and the Black Horse Cavalry. One of the lieutenants of the Zouaves thus tells the tale:

The Zouaves rushed out of the woods only to find themselves the target for another body of infantry beyond, while the Black Horse Cavalry were seen charging full upon them. Things looked badly, when, fortunately, the infantry were engaged by another regiment, thus giving the Zouaves time to prepare for the charge from the horsemen. They formed hastily in line, kneeling, semi-kneeling, and standing, that, Ellsworth fashion, they might receive their enemies with successive volleys. On came the Horse—a full regiment of brave men, splendidly mounted, and as ready for mischief as those on whom they hoped to fall. To an early discharge from the cavalry the Zouaves made no response, although several of the men were killed, but waited patiently until the enemy was almost upon them, when, in quick succession, the three ranks fired, each man doing his best for the good cause. The shock to the rebels was great; but they rallied, behaving splendidly, and attempted a renewal of the charge, for which, however, the excited firemen were prepared, and for which the Black Horse Cavalry paid most dearly. They were completely shattered, broken up, and swept away. Not more than a hundred of them rode off, and as they went their rebellious ears were saluted with "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, tigah, Zouave!" and such a "tiger repeat" as one can only appreciate when he has heard it.

The following account is from a private letter:

The New York Zouaves received the first charge of the famous Black Horse Guard, about which Governor Wise has so often spoken. It was a splendid corps of cavalry, all the horses of which were coal black. They came upon the Zouave regiment at a gallop, and were received by the brave firemen upon their poised bayonets, followed instantly by a volley, from which they broke and fled, though several of the Zouaves were cut down in the assault. They quickly returned, with their forces doubled—perhaps six or seven hundred—and again they dashed with fearful yells upon the excited Zouaves. This time they bore an American flag, and a part of the Zouaves supposed for an instant that they were friends, whom they had originally mistaken. The flag was quickly thrown down, however, the horses dashed upon the regiment, the *ruse* was discovered, and the slaughter commenced. No quarter, no halting, no flinching now, marked the rapid and death-dealing blows of our men as they closed in upon the foe, in their madness and desperation. Our brave fellows fell, the ranks filled up, the sabres, bowie-knives, and bayonets glistened in the sunlight, horse after horse went down, platoon after platoon disappeared—the rattle of musketry, the screams of the rebels, the shout of "Remember Ellsworth!" from the lungs of the Zouaves, and the yells of the wounded and crushed belligerents filled the air, and a terrible carnage succeeded. The gallant Zouaves fought to the death, and were sadly cut up; but of those hundreds of Black Horse Guards not many left that bloody rencounter!

THE RETREAT.

OUR special artist has supplied us with the sketch which we reproduce on page 500, representing the RETREAT FROM BULL RUN on 21st ult. It shows the stragglers and fugitives well covered by Colonel Blenker's brigade. The *Tribune* correspondent thus depicted the movement:

Stretching far across the road, long before the hoped-for refuge of Centreville was reached, was a firm, unswerving line of men, to whom the sight of the thousands who dashed by them was only a wonder or a scorn. This was the German rifle regiment; and to see the manly bearing of their General, and feel the inspiration which his presence gave at that moment, was like relief to those who perish in a desert. At least, then, all was not lost; and we knew that, let our destiny turn that night as it should, there was one man who would hold and keep the fame of the nation unsullied to the end.

I need not speak much in praise of the action of Blenker and the officers who served him so well. The events speak for them. Steady and watchful, he held his line throughout the evening, advancing his skirmishers at every token of attack, and spreading a sure protection over the multitudes who fled disordered through his columns. With three regiments he stood to fight against an outnumbering enemy already flushed with victory, and eager to complete its triumph. As the darkness increased his post became more perilous and more honorable. At 11 o'clock the attack came upon the advance company of Colonel Stahel's Rifles, not in force, but from a body of cavalry whose successful passage would have been followed by a full force, and the consequent destruction of our broken host. The rebel cavalry was driven back, and never returned, and at two in the morning, the great body of our troops having passed and found their road to safety, the command was given to retreat in order, and the brigade fell slowly and regularly back, with the same precision as if on parade, and as thoroughly at the will of their leader as if no danger had ever come near them. Over and over again Blenker begged permission to maintain his post, or even to advance. "Retreat!" said he to M'Dowell's messenger; "bring me the word to go on, Sir!" but the command was peremptory, and he was left no alternative.

CONCERNING FIRE-ARMS.

FIELD ARTILLERY.

SIEGE guns are never made of wrought iron or bronze, owing to their expensiveness and lack of durability. Field Artillery comprises the smaller guns and howitzers, including 6 and 12-pound guns and 12 and 24-pound howitzers. All of these are made of bronze, the superior tenacity of which renders it the best material for light artillery. The effective range of field artillery is as follows:

12-pounder	1000 yards.
6-pounder	800 yards.
24-pounder (howitzer)	600 yards.
12-pounder (howitzer)	5.0 yards.
Do. do., grape and canister,	300 to 500 yards.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

Two guns of modern invention are worthy of particular description from the notice they have attracted from the first European nations, as well as from the peculiarities of their construction—these are the Armstrong and Whitworth guns. Mr. W. G. Armstrong, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (now Sir William Armstrong), about the year 1854 constructed a field-piece upon plans which he had long studied, and which he considered destined to change the whole system of modern ordnance. The Armstrong gun is formed with a steel tube, rifled with thirty or forty grooves, and bound round on the outside with strips of wrought iron laid on spirally, of course materially strengthening the gun. The projectile is a pointed cylinder, similar in shape to a Minié ball, made of cast iron and coated with lead. The gun is breech-loading, in order to admit of a larger ball, to insure its filling the grooves. The ball can be used either as shot or shell; the latter by filling it with powder and attaching a detonating fuse at the point. The gun is mounted on a carriage with pivot-frame, recoil-slide, and screw for elevating and depressing, and for horizontal movements. The ball acts as a shot before bursting as a shell; penetrating the object and bursting immediately after. This gun has an enormous range, twice or three times that of other field guns of the same calibre, and with remarkable accuracy. It is stated, however, that, owing to various reasons, it has been condemned by the Horse Guards. Mr. Armstrong has an immense manufactory, and for the past five years has had the name of having produced the most effective gun ever invented. Various objections have been urged against it; the fact of its being breech-loading and complicated, and the use of lead on the ball, which was liable to stripping, being the most important.

THE WHITWORTH GUN.

The Whitworth rifled cannon obtains its remarkable power and accuracy by the adoption of a polygonal spiral bore of uniform pitch, more rapid than could be obtained by grooves. The 12-pounder—one of which was a few days since exhibited in this city—with a bore of 3.2 inches, has one turn in sixty inches; it is eight feet long and breech-loading. The projectile is oblong, made of cast iron, and formed to fit the grooves of the barrel. The breech of the gun is covered with a cap which screws on, and on being removed swings to one side upon a hinge; the projectile is then inserted into the open breech, and followed by a tin cartridge-case containing the powder, and capped by a cake of wax or other lubricating composition; the breech-cap is then swung too and screwed on by its handles, a fuse inserted into the vent, and the gun is discharged. The lubricating matter being carried out with the ball effectually cleanses the gun, and the deposit is afterward withdrawn with the cartridge-case. As there is no exhalation of gases from the breech-cap, one of the worst features of breech-loading guns is avoided. The range of this gun is said to be greater than the Armstrong gun, and its accuracy more positive. Guns of the size herein described cost £800 in England.

OTHER GUNS.

Other new guns and implements of war have been named; as "Hotchkiss's Rifled Cannon," "Winans Steam-gun," the "Centrifugal gun," etc., but these have been fully described in the daily papers as they have made their appearance. Of course the inventive talent of the country will now be chiefly directed toward producing those articles which will become necessary in prosecuting the present war.

PROJECTILES.

It remains only to name and describe the missiles used in artillery warfare: these are solid shot, shells, strap-shot, case or canister shot, grape-shot, light and fire balls, carcasses, grenades, and rockets.

Of the various kinds of solid shot, we have already described those prepared for rifled cannon, and the rest are too common and well known to need any careful description. They are made of cast iron, in sand or iron moulds. Hot shot is used for firing ships or forts, and other combustible mattes; they are heated in furnaces to a red or white heat. Shells, bombs, grenades, and hollow shot are made of cast iron, and usually spherical. They are filled with combustible matter, and fired by means of a fuse, regulated to explode the projectile at the desired moment. Grenades are frequently fired from howitzers on the field of battle to dislodge cavalry or infantry from some important post.

Strap-shot is so called from the fact that the ball is attached or strapped by bands of tin to the cartridge. Canister is prepared by filling a tin canister with grape-shot or musket-balls and attaching it to a cartridge. Light-balls and fire-balls are composed of combustible material, which lights up very brilliantly, and are fired at night for the purpose of exposing an enemy's actions or illuminating a camp. Carcasses, smoke-balls, and suffocating-balls are shells with several fuse holes, from which horrible fumes, vapors, or flames rush forth, blinding and suffocating all around. They are used to drive an enemy from mines or galleries, or to clear a breach in a fortress. Grape-shot are larger than musket-balls, and are fastened together between plates in the form of a bunch of grapes. Shrapnel are spherical shells filled with bullets and powder, and fired by a common fuse.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

As down in Cupid's Garden
For pastime I did go,
Considering Fashion's flowers
Which in that garden grow:
Which in that garden grow.

I see a fine young lady,
And unto her did say,
"Beest thee engaged to e'er a young Swell?
Come tell me now, I pray;
Come tell me now, I pray?"

"I ben't engaged to ne'er a young Swell,
I'm sorry to declare:
For I cost so much in Crinoline,
And the other things I wear;
And the other things I wear."

ADVICE TO OPERA-GOERS.—Never volunteer to take any lady to a performance which you are particularly desirous of hearing, for fear she should be taken ill soon after it has begun, and want to go home. The observance of this rule will by no means be necessarily mere selfishness. If you wish to be kind to her, and treat her to an opera, do so, only wait till you are asked. Then you will find that she will not fall ill at the theatre, or if she does, so much the better, as far as your entertainment is concerned; for you will have taken her to hear music which you don't care about, and from which you will be glad to get away.

Mr. Merryman Lathrop says when he went on the steamer to California, they kept the chickens in the *hatchway*, the beef in the *bull*works, near the *steerage*, and when they ran out of eggs the ship *lay too*.

OLD FOGY'S GLEE.

OH, the girls that we have seen
All in their time so fair!
Now some are fat, and some are lean,
So much the worse for wear.
To think I see my early flame
In yonder Mrs. Grundy!
Once I was mad for that old dame!
Sic transit gloria mundi!

THE DEAR CREATURES.—When a certain Oriental potentate wants to ruin one of his principal subjects he makes him a present of a white elephant, which the poor man is obliged to keep, and by which, therefore, he is soon financially eaten up. In this country the fashionable mamma, who contrives to inveigle a soft young man into marriage with her expensive daughter, saddles him with an incumbrance corresponding exactly to the white elephant, in very speedily reducing him to ruin, and, as it were, eating him out of house and home.

A SECRET OUT OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.—Women, when they get together, talk about themselves, or their children, their servants, their dresses, their rivals, their conquests, their pleasures; men, when they get together, talk of nothing but their dear wives!

CENSUS CURIOSITIES.—As one of the enumerators for the burgh of Brechin was transferring the census papers he had distributed and collected into his book, he came upon one that had termed himself "a ten-feet weaver," meaning by this, we suppose, that he "tramped ten treddles." An Irishman, in Maxwelltown, Dundee, under the column "Deaf, dumb, or blind," entered opposite his own name, "Not deaf—I wish I was;" while opposite his spouse he had inserted, "Not dumb—I wish she were." Under the heading, "Rank, profession, or occupation," for his wife he wrote, "God help her, for she can do nothing." In one of the numerous streets that branch off from the Hawkhill, Dundee, resides an old woman and her daughter. Both being, like Jeanie Deans, "but indifferent pen-women," they requested a neighboring young man to fill up their census paper. He got on quite satisfactorily until the column "Age" came to be filled up, when, with the elderly woman, there seemed to be a shortness of memory. The young man, after waiting a short time, asked what he should put down. "Oh," said she, "ye may pit doon sixty." The daughter's line was then commenced to be filled up, but the age again seemed to puzzle the mother. The young man had once more to ask what he would put down, and the mother, after a moment's consideration, said, "Ye may ca' her fifty."

An eccentric genius, we believe in Inverness, who lives in a house which he calls a "castle," gave the following answers to the queries in the census paper. Under the heading "Domestic servants, lodgers, and visitors," he wrote—

"Plenty of mice, and lots of rats,
A nice young dog, and two young cats."

Under the head "Age" was written—

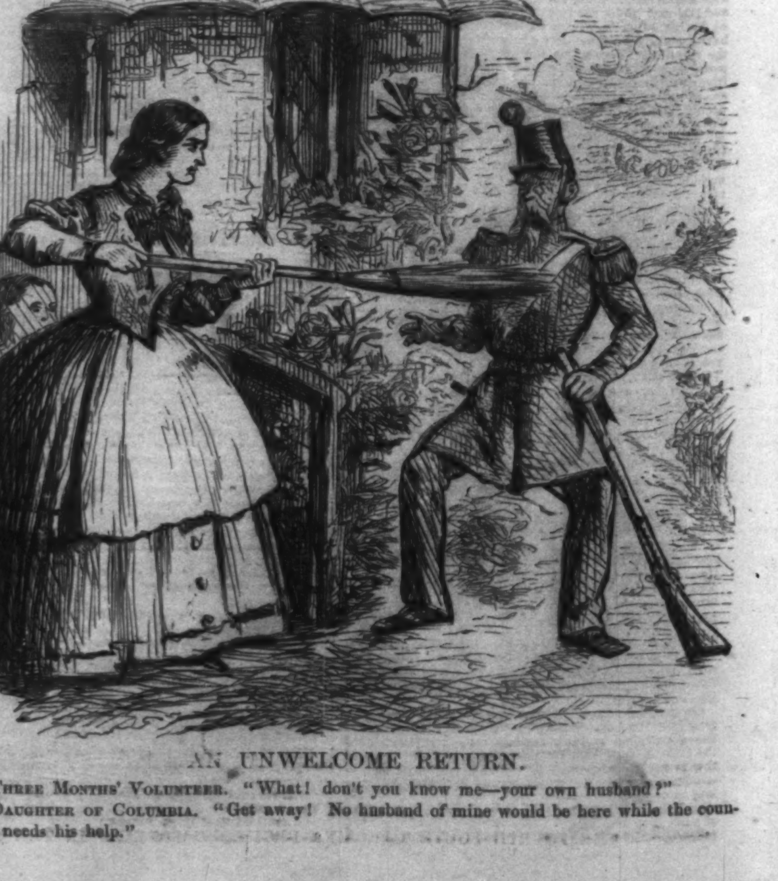
"I will not swear that I am fifty,
Though growing wise, and also thrifty."

His "castle" he describes as consisting of one room, one window, one door, and thirty air-holes." Happy man! he is evidently a philosopher as well as a wit.

Sheridan's neglect of letters was a standing joke against him. He never took the trouble to open any that he did not expect, and often left sealed many that he was most anxious to read. He once appeared with his begging face at the bank, humbly asking an advance of twenty pounds. "Certainly, Sir; would you like any more—fifty or a hundred?" said the smiling clerk. Sherry was overpowered. He would like a hundred. "Two or three?" asked the smile. Sherry thought he was joking, but was ready for two, or even three—he was always ready for more. But he could not conceal his surprise. "Have you not received our letter?" the clerk asked, perceiving it. Certainly he had received the epistle, which informed him that his salary as Receiver-General of Cornwall had been paid in, but he had never opened it.

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be to a woman—" "Very proper advice," said Mrs. Partington, interrupting Ike, who was reading; "but I don't know how he could have given any other under the circumstances, seeing that Providence foreordained that it should be so, previously beforehand, though in one sense all the girls that marry are not women either, because they toil not, neither do they spin, and know no more about housekeeping than the fifth wheel of a coach." "But," said Ike, putting in, "you didn't hear it all. 'If you marry,' said a Roman consul to his son, 'let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress neat, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue.'" "Very good," said the old lady, and she nodded her head as though the idea were adjusting itself to a satisfactory place in her mind.

Those who take no account of their own sins in life may expect to be brought one day to a "dead reckoning."



AN UNWELCOME RETURN.

THREE MONTHS' VOLUNTEER. "What! don't you know me—your own husband?"

DAUGHTER OF COLUMBIA. "Get away! No husband of mine would be here while the country needs his help."

"When Hoppner, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hoppner had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be contented with a mutton-chop, and beer from the next ale-house; and accordingly staid to dine. During the evening Porson said, 'I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle, for her private drinking, in her own bedroom; so pray, try if you can lay your hands on it.' His host assured him that Mrs. Hoppner had no such secret store; but Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner, and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. 'Drunk every drop of it!' cried she. 'Good Heavens, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!'"

"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a nervous lady of old Deacon I——.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the Deacon; "I've seen them!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the lady; "do tell!"

"Yes," continued the Deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room; "*I see one now!*"

"Mercy! mercy on me!" shrieked the lady, "where?"

"There! there!" said the Deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. "That cat, ma'am, may be called a fore-runner, for she runs on all fours!"

When is coffee like the earth?—When it is ground.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, 23d July, in the Senate, the bill to provide for the transportation of arms and munitions of war to the loyal citizens of rebel States, and for the military organization of such citizens, was reported from the Committee on Military Affairs, and passed. It appropriates two millions for the purposes specified. The bill to refund duties on arms was also passed. A bill to punish frauds in making contracts with the Government was reported from the Judiciary Committee, and laid over under the rule. The Senate went into Executive session, and subsequently adjourned without doing any further public business.——In the House, Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, made two ineffectual attempts to introduce a resolution inquiring of the Secretary of War whether there are armed negroes in the service of the Government. A bill was passed which changes the political Districts in Kentucky and Missouri. Mr. Stevens reported from the Committee of Ways and Means a bill providing for additional revenue by taxation. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and the House soon afterward adjourned.

On Wednesday, 24th, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of administering the oath of allegiance to each military and naval officer in the service. The House bill to define and punish conspiracy was reported from the Judiciary Committee, with a recommendation that it pass. The bill regulating the pay of the revenue service was passed. Senator Wilson's bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer force was taken up and discussed at considerable length. It provides that incompetent officers may be superseded by the President. The bill to provide for the payment of the Government Police in Baltimore was passed, after some opposition. Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, offered a resolution similar to that passed the House a day or two ago, offered by Mr. Crittenden, declaring that the war has been forced upon the Government by Southern disunionists, but that it ought to cease when the authority of the Government is re-established. It was laid over.——In the House, a bill was reported from the Committee on Commerce, and passed, authorizing the appointment of Consuls at ports where it may be deemed necessary for the prevention of piracy. The Senate bill providing for a Board to report on the matter of iron or steel-clad steamships and batteries was passed; also the bill providing for an Assistant-Secretary of the Navy; also the bill providing for an increase of the Naval Medical Corps; also the bill authorizing the President to accept the services of 500,000 volunteers. A resolution was reported from the Judiciary Committee, and passed, inquiring of the President the reasons which induced the imprisonment of the Baltimore Police Commissioners. A bill, similar to that of the Senate, providing for the payment of the Government Police in Baltimore, provoked considerable debate, but finally passed. The House then discussed the bill to provide for raising revenue by direct taxation, and it was finally committed to the Committee on Ways and Means, with instructions to provide a method for the assessment of the tax.

On Thursday, 25th, in the Senate, a Select Committee was ordered to inquire into the circumstances of the surrender of the Navy-yards at Pensacola and Norfolk, and the Armory at Harper's Ferry. A joint resolution, pledging support to the Government to carry the present war to a successful termination, was introduced by Senator Clarke, and laid over under the rule. The President was requested by resolution to inform the Senate what instructions have been given to our foreign ministers in reference to the rebellion. The bill to indemnify States for the expense incurred in defending the Government was reported from the Finance Committee and passed. The bill to increase the revenue was debated, but not definitely acted upon. The resolution introduced by Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, on Wednesday, similar to that introduced by Mr. Crittenden in the House, setting forth the objects of the war, and placing the responsibility for it with the Southern Disunionists, was then taken up and debated at considerable length by Senators Polk, Trumbull, Collamer, Fessenden, Hale, Kennedy, Breckinridge, Sherman, Doolittle, and others. It was passed, 30 to 5.——In the House, Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, made a personal explanation, and apologized for the part he took in the debate on 24th, in reference to Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky. The Senate bill supplementary to the Loan Act, with an amendment authorizing the issue of Treasury notes of a denomination less than fifty dollars, was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, and passed. The Direct Tax and Internal Duties Bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole until the adjournment. Its provisions were debated with considerable spirit, and an amendment was adopted providing that slaves shall be taxed. The bill was not finally disposed of.

On Friday, 26th, in the Senate, several bills were passed; among others one providing for the building of an iron bridge over the Potomac at Washington, one ordering a Board of Commissioners to examine the compensation of all the officers of the Government, one to punish fraud in Government contracts, one to define and punish conspiracy, and one to provide for the suppression of rebellion; besides a joint resolution declaring that the supremacy and integrity of the Union must be maintained. Senator Kennedy presented a memorial from the Mayor and citizens of Baltimore complaining of the Government interference with the police force there. The resolution for the maintenance of the supremacy of the Union was passed with only one dissenting vote—that of Senator Breckinridge. The bill to provide revenue was discussed, but was not finally disposed of when the Senate went into Executive session.——In the House, after a discussion of some length in reference to the day of final adjournment, which led to no definite conclusion, the Direct Tax bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole. Various amendments were proposed and discussed, but the Committee finally rose without voting, and the House soon afterward adjourned.

On Saturday, 27th, the Senate was occupied by a speech from Hon. Andrew Johnson, Senator from Tennessee. In the course of his speech he reminded the Government that the Union men of East Tennessee were without arms, and that it was necessary they should be armed for protection.——In the House, the Senate bill appropriating two millions to pay for the transportation of arms to the Union men in the rebel States, and for the military organization of such men, was passed. The Direct Tax bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, and after debate the enacting clause was stricken out, the principal point of objection being that it proposed to tax the people unequally. When the Committee rose, the matter, on motion of Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, was recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means, with instructions to report forthwith a tax bill on the basis of twenty millions by direct taxation, and that such other sums as may be necessary be raised on the personal income and wealth of the country. This tax, it will be recollected, is for the payment of the interest on the public debt to be incurred in the war. No other business was done.

On Monday, 29th, in the Senate, the act supplementary to the act authorizing a loan was reported from the Committee on Finance and passed, with an amendment authorizing the issuing of Treasury notes of the denomination of five dollars. Senator Wilson introduced a bill, which was referred to the Military Committee, appropriating ten millions for the purchase of arms. It was subsequently reported from the Committee and passed. Senator Hale announced an agreement of the Conference Committees on a bill to appoint an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and also on the bill increasing the Navy Medical corps. A bill for the suppression of the sale of liquors in the District of Columbia was passed. It prohibits the sale of liquors to soldiers, under penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offense. The Tariff bill was then taken up and debated until the adjournment rendered necessary by the lack of a quorum.——In the House, Mr. Horton, in accordance with instructions, reported from the Committee of Ways and Means the modified Direct Tax bill. It is on the basis of twenty millions, to be apportioned among the States according to population. The House refused to order an immediate vote on the passage of the bill, and its provisions were discussed at considerable length. It finally passed as it came from the Committee, 77 to 60. A bill was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means which appropriates ten millions for the purchase of arms. The Senate bill further to provide for the collection of duties on imports, was passed. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, sought to introduce a series of resolutions looking to the appointment of a Commissioner to meet a similar Commissioner from the rebel States, to attempt the task of adjusting the National difficulties. The House refused to suspend the rules to receive it, 85 to 45, and adjourned.

CONDITION OF WASHINGTON.

Troops continue to pour into Washington, and under the vigorous measures inaugurated by General M'Clellan the city will, doubtless without delay, be placed in a situation to defy any attempts which the rebel leaders, in the flush of recent victory, may be disposed to make upon it. General M'Clellan has visited the various intrenchments on the Virginia side, in the short time during which he has had command, and taken such steps as he has considered necessary to make them impregnable.

We have now about 70,000 troops in and around Washington, well armed and equipped, and rapidly coming under a more perfect system of discipline than they have yet had experience of.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

A complete reorganization of the army is to take place immediately, and such steps will be adopted as will insure us, as far as it is possible to do so, against incompetency among the officers. To this end general orders were issued last week from the War Department, that all officers of regiments will hereafter be subject to examination by a board of officers, to be appointed by the Secretary of War, with the concurrence of the Lieutenant-General, in order that their fitness for the positions assigned them may be assured—their places, should they be found incompetent, to be filled by officers who shall have passed an examination successfully. Business at the War Department is remarkably heavy. Tenders of troops are made in surprising numbers. Nearly eighty thousand new men have been accepted, and are now being mustered into the service. It is understood that Illinois alone has offered seventeen, and Indiana ten new regiments, some of which are already on the way.

MORE MEN WANTED.

Governor Morgan has, under the requisition of the President for more troops, called for twenty-five thousand additional volunteers, to serve for three years or during the war. A general order, prescribing the mode of organization, will be issued immediately. The rendezvous will be at New York, Albany, and Elmira, with the head-quarters at Albany.

OUR KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.

A full list of the killed, wounded, and missing, at the battle of Bull Run, up to the latest advices, gives the following figures:

Killed	280
Wounded	729
Missing	477
Total	1486

OUR WOUNDED AT MANASSAS.

From intelligence received in Washington on 29th from a lady (Mrs. Hinsdale, of Detroit) just come from Manassas Junction, it appears that General Beauregard and General Johnston were both there on Thursday, that a very large force of rebels was concentrated there, and that active preparations for a renewed attack on the Union army—probably on Washington—were going on. This lady reports having seen several prisoners taken at Bull Run, and states that they are well cared for. The rebel loss at Bull Run, she says, is reported to be 1200 killed and 1500 wounded. Mrs. Hinsdale was taken prisoner by the rebels, and compelled to act as a nurse in the hospitals at Manassas. She was subsequently released, and returned to Washington on a pass from one of General Beauregard's aids. The above statement was made to General Mansfield on 29th.

THE REBEL FORCE AT BULL RUN.

It is established that the Secessionists had 91,000 men within their lines at Bull Run on the morning of Sunday last, and that Jeff Davis in person brought up 17,000 more from Richmond, who reached them about noon. They had therefore fully three times as many as General M'Dowell, and four times as many as were brought into action on our side.

HOW THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN CAME TO BE FOUGHT.

In Congress, on Wednesday 24, Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, said: "I repeat that General Scott had been forced to fight this battle. I will tell him what occurred yesterday morning. My colleagues (Logan and Washburne) and myself were present with the President, Secretary of War, and General Scott. In the course of our conversation, General Scott remarked, 'I am the biggest coward in the world.' I rose from my seat. 'Stay,' said General Scott; 'I will prove it. I have fought the battle against my judgment, and I think the President ought to remove me to-day for doing it. As God is my judge,' he added, after an interval of silence, 'I did all in my power to make the Army efficient, and I deserve removal because I did not stand up when I could, and did not.' I stand here to vindicate General Scott. I am indebted to the gentleman from Missouri for the compliment he paid me. I desire to say, for myself that I am here the last of a generation, my father and grandfather having fallen beneath the flag of their country. I, too, have fought under its folds at home and abroad, and, God willing, there I will stand to the end of my life, defending it against all foes."

Mr. Washburne. "As my colleague has referred to General Scott's remarks, he might also allude to what the President said."

Mr. Richardson. "I will do so. 'Your conversation implies,' said the President to General Scott, 'that I forced you to battle.' To which General Scott replied, 'I have never served under a President who has been kinder to me than you have been.' But General Scott did not relieve the President from the fact of the latter having forced him to fight the battle. General Scott thus paid a compliment to the President personally."

WHAT GENERAL SCOTT SAID TO MR. RAYMOND.

The *Times* contained the following account of a conversation between General Scott and Ex-Governor Raymond on Thursday last:

"If the matter had been left to him, he said, he would have commenced by a perfect blockade of every Southern port on the Atlantic and the Gulf. Then he would have collected a large force at the Capital for defensive purposes, and another large one on the Mississippi for offensive operations. The summer months, during which it is madness to take troops south of St. Louis, should have been devoted to tactical instruction; and with the first frosts of autumn he would have taken a column of 80,000 well-disciplined troops down the Mississippi, and taken every important point on that river, New Orleans included. It could have been done, he said, with greater ease, with less loss of life, and with far more important results than would attend the marching of an army to Richmond. At eight points the river would probably have been defended, and eight battles would have been necessary; but in every one of them success could have been made certain for us. The Mississippi and the Atlantic once ours, the Southern States would have been compelled, by the natural and inevitable pressure of events, to seek, by a return to the Union, escape from the ruin that would speedily overwhelm them out of it. 'This,' said he, 'was my plan. But I am only a subordinate. It is my business to give advice when it is asked, and to obey orders when they are given. I shall do it. There are gentlemen in the Cabinet who know much more about war than I do, and who have far greater influence than I have in determining the plan of the campaign. There never was a more just and upright man than the President—never one who desired more sincerely to promote the best interest of the country. But there are men among his advisers who consult their own resentments far more than the dictates of wisdom and experience, and these men will probably decide the plan of the campaign. I shall do, or attempt, whatever I am ordered to do. But they must not hold me responsible. If I am ordered to go to Richmond, I shall endeavor to do it. But I know perfectly well that they have no conception of the difficulties we shall encounter. I know the country—how admirably adapted it is to defense, and how resolutely and obstinately it will be defended. I would like nothing better than to take Richmond; now that it has been disgraced by becoming the capital of the rebel Confederacy I feel a resentment toward it, and should like nothing better than to scatter its Congress to the winds. But I have lived long enough to know that human resentment is a very bad foundation for a public policy; and these gentlemen will live long enough to learn it also. I shall do what I am ordered. I shall fight when and where I am commanded. But if I am compelled to fight before I am ready, they shall not hold me responsible. These gentlemen must take the responsibility of their acts, as I am willing to take that of mine. But they must not throw their responsibility on my shoulders.'"

PROSPECT OF FIGHTING AT FORTRESS MONROE.

There is a prospect of lively work in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe. On Saturday morning the rebels sent to Newport News a proposition giving our troops there twenty-four hours to retire, threatening to drive them out in case they declined the offer. The gunboat *Dale*, 20 guns, immediately went up to Old Point; the *Albatross* and *Penguin* are already there, while the *Minnesota* and seven gun-boats are at Old Point, in readiness to assist in repelling the threatened attack. The National force at Newport News consists of four effective regiments, and Colonel Phelps was confident of his ability to drive back twice that number of assailants. On the evening of Saturday it became apparent that the rebels meditated an attack on Hampton. General Butler determined to leave the town in case a formidable advance should be made before it. Accordingly, families and goods were removed, and preparations were made to burn the town rather than have it fall into the hands of the enemy. All Saturday night and during the day on Sunday there was a stampede of the colored population, who lined the roads leading to the fortress. Nearly 1000 of them must have come within General Butler's lines. According to the recent act of Congress these slaves are confiscated.

RUMORED EVACUATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Rumor states that Major-General Banks, on taking command at Harper's Ferry, finding that place indefensible with the remnant of the army under his command, immediately ordered a removal to the Maryland side, and took up a position in the rear of the Maryland Heights, with his pickets extending to a point overlooking the Ferry. There he is being rapidly reinforced, and will soon have a more numerous army than General Patterson had at any time under his command. General Johnston, it is rumored, has returned to Winchester, and is expected to commence offensive demonstrations along the Maryland line.

SKIRMISHES IN MISSOURI.

General Sweeney's command, which left Springfield, Missouri, some days ago, reached Forsythe, in the same State, on 29th, dispersed a band of 150 rebels who were there, and took possession of the town. They killed five of the rebels and wounded several, themselves having none killed and but few hurt. A large quantity of provisions, camp equipage, and lead, valued at $20,000, was seized at the same time.

TRIAL OF THE PIRATES OF THE "SAVANNAH."

Thomas H. Baker, the captain, and the crew of the privateer *Savannah*, all whose names have heretofore been published, were arraigned last week in the United States Circuit Court for trial, under the indictment charging them with piracy and robbery on the high seas, Judge Shipman on the bench. To the indictment they all and severally pleaded not guilty. The District Attorney moved to fix the trial for the 31st of July, but their counsel objected to hurrying their trial, and wished for time to procure witnesses and documentary proof for his clients, one of whom, he set up, was a citizen of Hamburg, and not of the United States. Judge Shipman stated that he should proceed in this case precisely as in any other capital case, where the penalty is death. He wished the prisoners to have the advantage of an appeal, which they could only have in this Court where there was a disagreement of the Bench. Judge Nelson had notified him that in consequence of a severe accident which had befallen him, he would not be able to attend for several weeks. He accordingly fixed the third day of the October Term for the trial. The prisoners were then remanded into the custody of the United States Marshal.

PERSONAL.

Solomon Sturges, Esq., of Chicago, a day or two since, purchased two splendid horses, intended as a present to General M'Clellan.

It appears to be definitely settled that Col. Corcoran, of the Sixty-ninth, is a prisoner with the rebels at Manassas. This is stated on the authority of a letter from Leesburg, Va., which also announces that Congressman Ely, of this State, is a prisoner.

Mr. James E. Harvey, our Minister to Portugal, publishes a letter in the Philadelphia *North American*, in which he denies *in toto* the truth of the charges of treason made against him on the strength of the revelations made in the examination of telegraphic dispatches seized by order of the Government.

The Baltimore Police Commissioners and Marshal Kane have been taken from Fort M'Henry to Fortress Monroe.

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, first Cousin to Napoleon III., arrived here from Halifax, with his Princess, on board the steam yacht *Jerome Napoleon*, and no one was the wiser till Sunday. On Sunday the Princess, attended by the Duchess d'Abrantes, Comtesse de Montholon, and an officer of the Prince's suite, attended high mass at St. Stephen's Church, and the Prince and some of his suite visited Camp Scott, Staten Island. The Prince travels strictly incog., and nothing is definitely known of the object of his visit.

Colonel Wilcox, heretofore supposed to have been killed, is not dead, but is a prisoner at Richmond, where he is very handsomely treated by his old classmates of the West Point Academy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

The Message of President Lincoln has been laid before the British public, and has been variously commented upon by the Press. The tone of comment, however, is generally favorable, though the London *Times* can see nothing but the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as the issue of the present conflict.

DECLINE IN THE POPULATION OF IRELAND.

The Irish census records the fact of another decline in the population of that country, amounting to about three quarters of a million of persons in ten years.

FRANCE.

A STRAW SHOWING HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

The Emperor has published a letter prohibiting the further introduction of free laborers into the French colonies, on the ground that the system smacks of the slave-trade. The letter is applauded by the Parisian Press. The *Siècle*, in its article in reference to it, took occasion to say that it clearly indicated on which side the sympathies of the French Government were in the American struggle.

PRUSSIA.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING.

The most notable item in the recent news from Germany is an attempt upon the life of the King of Prussia, made at Baden on the 14th ultimo, by a young student from Leipsic, who fired a pistol at him, the ball from which grazed his neck.

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